LETTER FROM QUEBEC: Marc Schleifer

THE NATION

November 23, 1964 . . 35c

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LETTERS

Our "dirty" war

Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Sirs: After reading Chandler Davidson's article, "America's 'Dirty' War" (*The Nation*, Nov. 2), I wrote the President a letter of protest. . . .

To quote from my letter . . . "The atrocities that are being committed against the peasants and the torture of prisoners in this vicious war in Vietnam will leave a legacy of hate there for all Americans. Also, it is axiomatic that brutal and inhuman actions react against those who countenance and support such behavior. We shall *'reap the whirlwind.'*"

Let us hope there will be millions of protests. Sincere gratitude to Mr. Davidson and to *The Nation*.

Lennie E. Schmidt

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: After the publication of Henri Alleg's *La Question*, a group of French intellectuals signed a manifesto which advocated desertion from the army rather than participation in the Algerian war. There then appeared in *The Nation* (perhaps as a paid advertisement) a plea for American support of the French dissenters signed by a group of American intellectuals.

Mr. Davidson makes it quite clear that the Vietnam war is "dirty," and that our actions are no more defensible than those of France in Algeria.

I am not suggesting that the American writers who were so enthusiastic in their support of . . . the French manifesto now issue a similar plea for desertion by American soldiers being sent to Vietnam, but I should like to point out that the failure to do so raises some interesting questions about:

(1) The position and influence of the American intellectual compared to the French;

(2) possible reactions of the American Government toward radical dissenters who throw monkey wrenches in the war gears;

(3) the degree to which public ideology overrides private morality;

(4) a re-examination of our judgments at Nuremberg in regard to the role of the individual conscience.

George Anthony Palmer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dears Sirs: The following is quoted from *The New York Times* of October 25:

Evidence shows that the Vietcong are well supplied with modern drugs, including anti-biotics, and their facilities include large base hospitals and medical training centers.

Government forces say they know the exact sites of several of the hospitals. Some U. S. officials are mystified at Saigon's apparent reluctance to take military action to put these hospitals out of operation. They say this would provide a major psychological setback to Communist troops risking danger in combat.

If the moral sensibilities of our officials have sunk to a level so low that such acts are considered desirable, it is imperative that we take a serious look at ourselves and at our position in Southeast Asia. . . .

Thomas Amneus

Where we came in

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A headline in the *Los Angeles Times* of Oct. 2 reads: "Tshombe, Practical Politician, Using Mercenaries, Gradually Overcoming Rebel Elements."

I can just picture a 1776 headline in the *Times* which reads: "King George III, Practical Politcian, Using Hessian Mercenaries, Attempts to Overcome Rebel Elements."

Harry Cimring

Proposition 14

Stanford, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Lest the California returns on Proposition 14 be grossly misinterpreted, it should be pointed out that the real estate lobby ran a very clever, well-financed campaign. Expensive billboards urged a yes vote to preserve freedom—something with which few people can quarrel. Thousands of radio spot announcements urged a yes vote so that we could sell or rent to whom we please — who is to say that we should be *prevented* from renting or selling if we want to and to whom we want to? In the southern part of the state Negroes and people of Mexican descent voted yes because of deliberate confusion in the advertising of the proposition. We'll never know how many voted yes when they thought they were voting to improve their own lot.

The proposition was cleverly stated (by its proponents) in a misleading fashion. Couple this with the fact that California had seventeen propositions on the ballot—many of them little understood and little studied by the electorate—and you see a little better what happened here. . . .

In the Stanford precincts, where, presumably, the voters are somewhat better informed than is the electorate as a whole, the vote on Proposition 14 was 555 against, 91 for. While there are, no doubt, many bigots in the state, there are not so many as the vote on Proposition 14 might lead you to believe.

Karl M. Ruppenthal

THE NATION

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Cambodia, China and the U.S.

Cambodia is a small country, but one which has the good fortune to be ruled by an energetic and sensible statesman, Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Not so long ago Cambodia was neutral but inclined toward our side; now it is neutral but siding openly with the Chinese Reds. With every passing week Sihanouk's expressed hostility toward the United States intensifies. It is doubtful that this process is accompanied by a corresponding cordiality toward China. What Sihanouk says in praise of the Chinese Reds is one thing, what he feels only he knows. It is certain, though, that he is a Cambodian patriot and an astute one, and we lost him through our own foolish policies in Southeast Asia.

In the November 9 *New York Times*, Seymour Topping tells how and why. Our staunch allies in Southeast Asia are South Vietnam, which is falling apart, and Thailand, perhaps the greatest nest of graft, with the possible exception of South Vietnam, in the whole of Asia (and, of course, at the American taxpayer's expense). These are Cambodia's neighbors, and both are in border disputes with that country. Sihanouk has been pleading for a fourteen-nation Geneva conference to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality and her borders. Washington has obdurately refused. So Sihanouk turned to Peking.

Topping's analysis of what happened and is happening is utterly convincing, and it lays the blame almost entirely on the United States. It is not the Vietcong that has used Cambodia as a base or that trespasses on Cambodian terrain and air space; government troops of South Vietnam and American aircraft are what menace Cambodia. Sometimes these incursions appear to be accidental—as in the case of the U.S. C-123 transport which the Cambodians shot down on October 24, with the loss of all eight crewmen—but that does not allay Cambodian resentment. Aside from these frictions, Sihanouk is convinced that the U.S. is losing in Vietnam. He cannot afford to back a loser, especially a loser who is allied with his enemies. He knows that the United States may extend the war to North Vietnam. He evidently feels that no amount of American military power will suffice to conquer the North Vietnamese and the Chinese, who would probably come to their aid. His opinion is worth weighing. He knows his corner of the world thoroughly and his chances of survival, if he turns out to be wrong, are very small.

Our Cambodian policy, indeed the whole pattern of our policy in Asia, stems from the John Foster Dulles policy of containing Red China, with a view to her later destruction as a Communist power. That the policy is proving unworkable has become evident everywhere except in Mr. Rusk's State Department. *The Saturday Evening Post* refers editorially to "the paranoiac leaders of Communist China," but captions the editorial, "Needed: A China Policy That Makes Sense" and inveighs against "the folly of trying to keep China's 700 million people perpetually isolated from the normal avenues of trade and diplomatic interchange." *Time* runs a lengthy report on China which discloses that Washington is betting that it can squeeze through another year without having to accept "Chirep"—State Department jargon for Communist representation in the UN—and ends: "And yet it is hard to see how the U.S. can go on indefinitely along present lines." If Cambodia is used as a gauge, it is not only hard to see: it is impossible.

A Third Force

A third force is clearly operating within the framework of the two-party system. Voters have split tickets before but never in such numbers or with anything like the gusto and precision exhibited on November 3. In Massachusetts, Johnson had a 1,100,000 plurality and Senator Edward Kennedy 1 million, but the voters re-elected Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke by a margin of 750,000 votes. In California, Johnson won by 1,200,000, Republican George Murphy by 200,000; in Michigan it was Johnson by 1 million votes, Republican Gov. George Romney by 395,000; in Rhode Island, Johnson by 230,000 and Sen. John Pastore by 308,419, but Republican Gov. John Chafee by 85,804. Johnson carried New York State by 2,400,000 and Robert F. Kennedy by 627,795 but it is estimated that 1,200,000 Democrats voted for Sen. Kenneth Keating, while Republican John V. Lindsay carried the 17th C.D. against two opponents by a wider margin than did the President.

In Hawaii, the President received 78.7 per cent of the vote but Republican Sen. Hiram Fong was re-elected by 52.9 per cent; in Wisconsin, Warren P. Knowles, a Republican, defeated incumbent Gov. John W. Reynolds with 53.3 per cent of the vote, while the President won the state by 62.1 per cent. Pennsylvania's Republican Gov. Hugh Scott managed to carry the state by 40,000 votes, while the President had a margin of 1.4 million. In Delaware, at least 24,000 who voted for President Johnson skipped over to the Republican column and voted for Sen. John Williams. In Ohio and Illinois, Republicans clearly split tickets; both Taft and Percy outran Goldwater. Montana went for Johnson and Senator Mansfield but re-elected its Republican Governor. In Washington, Republican Dan Evans was elected Governor against the incumbent Albert Rosellini by 120,000 votes, while Sen. Henry Jackson and the President carried the state by fat margins. At least 20,000 Montgomery County Democrats broke ranks to re-elect Rep. Charles Mathias in Maryland's 6th C.D., although the district has a 7-to-4 Democratic registration edge and supported Johnson in a landslide. In the South, too, vote-splitting was general. In fact in all

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areas ticket-splitting was massive and deft; voters knew, as Senator Fulbright observed, exactly what they wanted to do and how to do it. Technical ballot difficulties did not deter them. Just how massive the ticket-splitting was is indicated by the estimate of Walter S. Mack, chairman of Republicans and Independents for Johnson, that 13 million Republicans voted for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket.

But the results have another aspect. Preliminary estimates had indicated that the total vote would be between 71 and 72 million (total registrations were of course higher). As it turned out, about 69,169,000 votes were cast (by comparison with 68,836,385 in 1960.) When one considers that residents of the District of Columbia were voting for the first time, that there was a big increase in registrations between 1960 and 1964, and that the poll tax had been eliminated in certain states, then the total vote was not nearly as impressive as it sounds. By inference there must have been many deliberate abstentions; Mr. Mack feels that a million or more Republicans may simply have refused to vote. Whatever their number, abstentions on principle can be regarded as part of a third force. At least 186,000 voters did not vote for President; in some districts the percentage of such voters was very high. These may be added to the third-force category.

Such massive ticket-splitting, in all sections, indicates that voters not only have learned how to whipsaw the two parties but take a particular relish in the process once they get the hang of it. It adds new interest and significance to the franchise. A section of the electorate, of course, has always used the designation "independent," but the ticket-splitting of 1964 was not alone by so-called "independent" voters. Normally loyal party members have discovered that they can bring the results a little nearer to their heart's desire, if not from within, then from outside their respective parties; if not through the two-party system, then against the grain of that system. These "disloyal" party members, voting selectively, not only can influence policy; they can, as they have demonstrated, be the dominant factor in many election contests. On balance, they were the real victors in this election.

Ticket-splitting on such a scale must be more than an incidental aspect of this particular election. Informed no doubt by the television appearances of whole slates of candidates, this third force has acquired a degree of self-consciousness that represents something more than a spasm of protest. Organized in forty states, Republicans and Independents for Johnson, so Mr. Mack informs *The Nation*, will remain on call—just in case there should be need to swing into action again in the near future. Even within a "me-too" consensus, where the choices are not always clear-cut, this third force can make intelligent selections on a scale that can be decisive; in a way it has more potency in a nominally two-party system than a third party would have. Given anything resembling a clear choice, it operates on all levels with a force and precision that measures a new political maturity.

The Brothers

The Nation supported Kenneth Keating against Robert Kennedy in the New York Senatorial race and, to judge by our mail, the great majority of New York readers supported *The Nation*. Senator Keating himself (and Senator Javits) adduced *The Nation's* stand as proof that Keating was indeed deserving of help from the liberal side. Keating lost, nevertheless. In New York City and its suburbs he was overwhelmed, and even in the Republican strongholds upstate he could not prevail, although the margin was narrow. There was no withstanding the Johnson avalanche.

The Nation is not sorry that it supported Mr. Keating. He made a gallant if somewhat inept race. The debacle which overtook the Republican Party was none of his making, and if certain other anti-Goldwater leaders had shown half of Keating's independence there would have been no debacle. In a campaign which scarcely added to the stature of either participant or edified the electorate, Keating's was an honorable defeat.

The Nation congratulates Robert Kennedy on his victory, and does so in no perfunctory spirit. He won on his own merits as the voters saw them and, above all, by invoking the memory of his late brother. It was good politics, and not unfitting. As the first anniversary of John F. Kennedy's death approaches, the country still mourns him. He made his mistakes, but as President he brought to American politics, one hopes not altogether transiently, an idealistic impulsion which it usually lacks. During his brief tenure, the atmosphere of Washington attained an intellectual and cultural level to which the city is scarcely accustomed. That golden life—ended so abruptly and with such pathos—will linger as a bright remembrance in an area of activity that is often sordid and repugnant.

About Robert Kennedy's ability and energy there has never been the least doubt. John Kennedy leaned on him for counsel more than on any other man. *The Nation* wishes Senator Kennedy well. May he, as a Senator, acquit himself as his brother did in the Presidency.

Ecumenical War Games

The Ecumenical Council, now meeting in Rome, has stated ("The Church in the Modern World") that any use of weapons "whose effects are greater than can be imagined and therefore cannot be reasonably regulated by man" is to be condemned as wicked.

A lay reader, aware that statesmen, scientists and military leaders the world over, Communist and non-Communist alike, are tormented by the destructive potential of nuclear energy, aware also that China has recently joined the group of nations capable of exploding an atomic device and that India, ludicrously and pathetically, is debating the merits of joining this apocalyptic club, might suppose that a world congress of churchmen could hardly say less.

That, however, is not the opinion of two prelates attending the council: The Most Rev. George Andrew

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Beck, Archbishop of Liverpool, and Msgr. Philip Hannan, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, D. C. These two servants of the Prince of Peace enter what might be called dissenting opinions. The American priest, invoking that most obsolete of clerical equivocations, the "just" war, takes issue with his colleagues on the vertiginous ground that nuclear technology has now advanced to the point where damage can quite accurately be predicted. Monsignor Hannan is apparently not troubled by the prospects of escalation that so haunt his neighbors in the Pentagon; but aside from that factual flaw in his argument, one wonders how he would expand his implied view that the slaughter of God's children is less reprehensible if the corpses can be counted in advance.

Archbishop Beck, for his part, defends the use of even very large devices to "repel" satellite missiles, thus cruelly cutting the moral urgency from under the world leaders who until now have kept nuclear terror out of space. The spiritual leader of Liverpool also enunciates the doctrine that the admonition to "turn the other cheek is a counsel of perfection addressed to individuals, not to governments. . . ." This shocking distinction comes at a moment when all nations are grappling with the moral imperatives essential to their individual and mutual survival.

Is should be emphasized that these high ecclesiastical sentiments from Liverpool and Washington are aberrations: the consensus of the Ecumenical Council, expressed most eloquently by Maximos IV Saigh, Melchite Patriarch of Antioch and the Orient, is that the Church has an obligation to lead mankind out of the "state of dread because of the ever imminent threat of nuclear warfare." Nevertheless, one wishes that Pope John XXIII were still God's Vicar here on earth, to turn on the "war games" mentality of his fellow churchmen the purifying fire of his incorruptible love of man.

On the Way Out

Social progress may be achieved in two ways. The community may march into the future, singing and waving banners, or it may back into the future, quietly, with an occasional stumble. The speed is less; the direction, however, is the same.

Capital punishment, against which humanitarians have inveighed over the centuries, is not being abolished; it is just falling into desuetude. An exception is the state of Oregon, which on November 3 chose to march rather than to back. The national press has given little space to the Oregon referendum that abolished the death penalty by an overwhelming 60.7 per cent (about the same as President Johnson's share of the popular vote). The tally on the day after the election stood in round numbers at 323,000 for abolition, 204,000 for retention. Unofficial returns showed that all but two of Oregon's thirty-six counties voted for an end to capital punishment. Credit goes to the Oregon Council to Abolish the Death Penalty for an aggressive and politically intelligent campaign.

This is the second time that Oregon has voted to put an end to legal killing. The death penalty was abolished in 1914 and reinstated in 1921. In 1958, an attempt at repeal failed. By all indications this time the death penalty will be outlawed in Oregon for good—the whole trend is that way, and not only in the United States. Capital punishment has been abolished in most of the countries of Western Europe and Latin America, and a plank in the Labour Party's platform calls for abolition in England.

In the United States last year there were twenty-one executions; that may be twenty-one too many but the figure compares favorably with 1962's forty-seven. Most of the 1963 executions were in Texas, New York, Ohio, Georgia, Mississippi and Arizona. The lead in executions changes from year to year, but the most consistently bloodthirsty states are California and Texas, with California well out in front. Since it achieved statehood, it has executed 500 persons, 190 men and four women in the gas chamber alone. But the chamber has now stood idle for twenty-two months. Forty-five men are in the death row of San Quentin, but it is doubtful that any of them will be executed. California is not forthright like Oregon, but a kind of *de facto* repeal seems to have taken place.

This is largely the work of Governor Brown, a man of character and humanity. Pat Brown has always adhered strictly to the law. As a district attorney, he demanded the death penalty in murder cases, then he put his political life at stake in an abortive and maladroit effort to save California from the shame of Chessman's execution. After Chessman went to the gas chamber Brown tried to get a moratorium on capital punishment, but the legislature turned him down. The voters, however, had been exposed to the spectacle of decency in action and clobbered Richard Nixon when he ran against Brown in 1962.

American public opinion is swinging more and more against capital punishment. The Biblical injunction dies hard, but a technique has been evolved for evading it [see "And the Penalty is (Sometimes) Death" by Ralph Slovenko, current issue, *Antioch Review*]. The murderer is sentenced to death, but he is not executed. Often the courts intervene, but even when they do not prevent the carrying out of the sentence, the warden of the prison where the execution is to take place often has the power to stay the sentence. (If, however, the man in death row has been made notorious by the press, if, as with Chessman, his name has become a byword, then he must hang, or burn or strangle on the cyanide fumes.) All he need do is raise a doubt as to the prisoner's sanity. If the murderer was not insane when he committed the crime, he may become insane while awaiting execution, or he may feign insanity. Executions are a nuisance and a hazard for wardens who are in charge of large communities that are difficult enough to keep in order without the stress of executions. Therefore, the psychiatrists are called in and, as Dr. Menninger says, "I don't think we psychiatrists are very interested in acting as assistant to the executioner." But it would be more honest to do it Oregon's way.

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BRAZIL

Suppressing the Future . . . . .

Ronald H. Chilcote

Six months of authoritarian military rule in Brazil do not bear out the distorted impression presented to us by an approving U.S. State Department and a generally badly informed American press that revolutionary changes have been effected and that order and progress have brought stability to the country's political system. The so-called revolution began as a military coup that uprooted the pragmatic yet legitimate regime of Joao Goulart. The present reformist or "soft-line" government (supported by the moderate military officers who tolerate congressional opposition) of former Army Chief of Staff, Humberto Castelo Branco, is neither revolutionary nor progressive. While successfully pushing some reforms through an obstructionist congress, the military rulers have nearly destroyed the intellectual milieu that has characterized the Brazilian political culture for nearly two decades. Political dialogue and activity have been ruthlessly suppressed.

Brazilian developments today are not revolutionary because there has been no profound modification of the political, social and economic structures. There have been no major shifts in the relations among sectors of society. Those groups that demanded structural changes now find their activities declared illegal and their leaders imprisoned or exiled. The present military rule has delayed and obscured the real Brazilian revolution that some day may make possible the changes requisite for modern development.

Political reform has had little impact on the nation. During the Goulart period moderates and leftists called for a program of "basic reforms," including the enfranchisement of illiterates. But such broadening of the electoral base would have challenged the oligarchic interests dominating the legislature. The present regime violated the constitution by allowing an interim President to replace Goulart, who never resigned; by defying a provision that forbids active military personnel to stand for political office, and by promulgating the Institutional Act that automatically establishes as law any Presidential bill not acted upon by congress within thirty days. Under Article 10 of this act, the political rights of some forty congressmen and hundreds of other Brazilians were suspended for a period of ten years. Several thousand federal, state and municipal employees charged with subversion were affected by Article 7, which provided for the suspension of their life-tenure privileges and, after investigation, for their possible dismissal. Articles 10 and 7 remained in force until June 15 and October 15 respectively, but other repressive provisions continue in effect and there is the continuing threat from ultraconservative "hard-line" elements (supported by the military officers who are most responsible for the suppression of intellectual life) that the expired legislation will be reactivated. A reform recently debated but not acted upon would have revived the parliamentary system that reduced Goulart to a figurehead President during the first half of his administration and would similarly limit such Presidential hopefuls as the ultraconservative demagogue, Carlos Lacerda. Also discussed was the reduction of Brazil's thirteen political parties to two, and possibly to one "revolutionary" party.

Perhaps the most important social reform of the present regime is the proposed controversial agrarian legislation that provides for taxation and possible expropriation of unused land. Although the bill seems likely to pass, it is doubtful that much land will be expropriated and distributed to the millions of landless peasants. Furthermore, large landholding interests in the heavily populated states of Sao Paulo and Minas Gerais have threatened "to take up arms"; these influential groups are aligned with the conservative military officers and may in the future challenge Castelo Branco and his soft-line supporters.

Among the "basic" economic reforms advocated during the Goulart period were the expropriation of privately owned oil refineries, government control of the petrochemicals industry and the right to cancel mining concessions. No such reforms have been enacted by the present government. In fact, much criticized United States business interests, notably the Hanna Mining Company of Cleveland, have been encouraged by the government to increase investments in Brazil. Anti-inflationary policies have been introduced (inflation was up 50 per cent in 1962 and 70 per cent in 1963). Tax revenue has been increased, the banking system reorganized, and the issuance of currency controlled. This stabilization program, supported by the United States, has resulted in widespread unemployment and decrease in production. By early August, more than 300,000 workers were reportedly unemployed in Sao Paulo and another 50,000 in Belo Horizonte. The iron and steel industry, automobile production, and iron-mining operations were at a standstill.

Structural development is usually accompanied by an awareness of social problems. The will of society to effect change is cast into an ideology which if effective offers a critique of the existing order and draws the outlines of the ideal substitute. Brazil's ideology of development is nationalism. Although in the past individual interests have undermined national interests, emerging nationalistic currents have served as a unifying force. Nationalism before the Goulart ouster had not, it is true, been molded into a guiding set of principles and objectives, but the concept had awakened many Brazilians to seek solutions to national problems. As manifested by some politicians, intellectuals, students, workers and the peasant masses, nationalism had set in motion a broad-based movement designed to effect structural reforms. This nationalist ideology of development and its adherents were struck down by the March-April military coup. The intellectual institutions of contemporary nationalism were destroyed or suppressed: the Instituto Superior de Estudos Brasileiros (ISEB), a government institute whose objective was the formulation of national ideology for develop-

Ronald H. Chilcote, assistant professor of political science at the University of California, Riverside, has recently returned from Brazil.

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From Visao, Sao Paulo

Castelo Branco Confronts Congress on the Very Narrow Road to Reform

ment, was shut down; arrests of editors and writers resulted in the suspension of important nationalist organs like the Sao Paulo bimonthly *Revista Brasiliense* and the Rio weekly *O Semanário*; and the stream of nationalist writings of the Sao Paulo publishing house, Editôra Fulgor, was halted by police and military investigation of alleged subversive activities.

The moderate and Left Brazilian nationalists were crushed by the military because they lacked effective and unified organization. Nationalism as an ideology is worthless unless it becomes the basis of a unified movement. Before the Goulart ouster, the Frente de Mobilizaçao Popular (FMP), which comprised all the revolutionary tendencies of the military, Church, political parties, students, workers and the peasants, almost succeeded in coalescing the diverse nationalist elements of the political Center and Left. The weekly *Panfleto* from January to March became the rallying point of these nationalists. The FMP failed because it was broadly based and included within it pragmatic, reformist and demagogic tendencies, all of which served to immobilize effective opposition to the rightist coup. It also failed because of the mistaken tactic of supporting as its figurehead the demagogic, indecisive and weak President Goulart.

Since the dominance of the moderate and conservative military has dispersed, suppressed and destroyed the important institutional forces that embraced the nationalist ideology of development, the post-Goulart intellectual and political life may be evaluated by examining the impact that government intervention has had upon intellectuals, politicians, bureaucrats, progressive military, progressive Catholics, students, workers and peasants.

The Intellectuals. Among the estimated 5,000 Brazilians purged from government positions (by July 15, according to an official source, 378 of these had lost their political rights for a period of ten years) have been well-known scholars and university professors such as the economist Celso Furtado, the sociologist Josué de Castro, and Darcy Ribeiro, former president of the University of Brasília, who was dismissed along with the entire faculty of the Department of Politics and Sociology. Others, like the University of Sao Paulo sociologist Fernando Henrique Cardoso, escaped arrest by fleeing to exile. University libraries and private book collections were methodically searched for "subversive" propaganda, and the search extended to the bookstores. Police removed an invaluable collection of 400 books about the Northeast from the premises of one book dealer. In the name of anti-communism, press freedom has been threatened. Editors and journalists have been arrested and questioned. The single, consistently critical voice of the moderate nationalist opposition, the daily *Correio da Manha*, appealed in late July for the release of many imprisoned journalists. At one point the military initiated a preliminary investigation into the activities of *Correio*, but the daily enjoys very high prestige and thus far has not been touched. However, one of its columnists, Carlos Hector Cony, was held briefly by police who allegedly threatened to confiscate all copies of his anti-government bestseller, *The Act and the Fact*. Intimidation and the threat of reprisal have kept other dailies in line. A government cut in subsidies for the importation of paper has reduced Brazil's once prolific publishing programs.

Politicians. Three former Presidents, Juscelino Kubitschek Jânio Quadros and Goulart, have been deprived of their political rights for ten years. Among governors impeached and still imprisoned are Miguel Arraes of Pernambuco and Seixas Doria of Sergipe. The governors of Acre and Rio de Janeiro were also impeached by the military. Most of the "Bossa Nova" left-wing deputies of Goulart's labor party were purged from congress. Paulo de Tarso, a Christian Democrat and former education minister was arrested in early October, and a few weeks later five state legislators of Ceará were indicted on charges of corruption. Military pressure forced the resignation of the mayor of Nitoroi. In early November the military challenged congress to take action on charges of tax fraud against senate president Auro de Moura Andrade and chamber of deputies president Ranieri Mazzilli. In many cases the military investigation of corruption may have been justified, but countless politicians who are thought to be corrupt but who have supported the government have not been implicated.

Bureaucrats and Military Officials. Thousands of public servants have been dismissed or retired by the military investigators. Some 920

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public officials were accused of corruption or subversion in a final purge before the lifting of Article 7 of the Institutional Act in mid-October. Hundreds of military officers who supported Goulart, including generals and admirals, have been forcibly "retired"; many were stripped of their political rights. Little is reported about the nationalist, reform-minded sergeants who revolted in September, 1963, and later supported Goulart's reform measures in February and March, 1964; nor about the 1,400 sailors and marines who went on strike in March and received an amnesty from Goulart.

Progressive Catholics and Students. Before the coup, the national student Uniao Nacional dos Estudants (UNE) was controlled by a coalition of Açao Popular (AP), a Left Catholic student group, and Communists. The AP was supported by radical Christian Democrats and priests who worked with slum dwellers and peasants. Their views were presented in the now defunct weekly, *Brasil Urgente*. The Catholic youth became the vanguard of the UNE's struggle for university reform. The students found themselves to be the revolutionary militants committed to agitate for real improvement of society. Also active in the student movement was an independent Marxist group, Política Operária, which advocated the radicalization of urban labor in order to effect structural change. All these groups were disbanded by the military in April. Student leaders were jailed, went into hiding, or fled to exile. The UNE headquarters in Rio was ransacked and burned. With leftist leaders purged, a UNE congress of moderates met in July to elect officers and reorganize. However, in early October, the government sent to congress a bill calling for the permanent dissolution of UNE and all other student organizations; student activities were to be controlled thereafter by the ministry of education.

Urban Workers and Peasants. Since 1945, the main political forces in organized labor have been the Partido Trabalhista Brasileiro and the Brazilian Communist Party. Leaders of both these parties and of the trade unions have worked together and through the ministry of labor in order to gain small concessions for their members. Financially, the unions have always been controlled by the labor ministry; politically, the government has had little difficulty in maneuvering the leaders, and intervention into the unions has been possible with legislation dating from the Getúlio Vargas dictatorship of the 1930s. In early 1964, there were signs of labor independence from government control. However, the military regime since April has intervened in more than 10 per cent of the 4,000 unions, in at least two of the federations, and in most of the national confederations. After a purge of the Communist leadership of the industrial workers' confederation, elections held in June resulted in a "democratic" slate of officers. Intervention in the bank workers and the maritime and agrarian national organizations continues, and their leadership is suppressed or imprisoned.

The well-publicized activities of Francisco Juliao and his Northeast peasant leagues were halted by the military coup; Juliao and other peasant leaders were arrested and remain in prison. Elated landowners joined the military in reprisals; the leagues were outlawed and disbanded. At first, radical Catholic priests like Father Antônio Mello were taken into custody; later they were freed, and in early November, Father Mello was reported to be reorganizing the peasants' defense of their rights against the usurpative landowners.

United States support for the authoritarian, nonpopular regime in Brazil is of a piece with overall U.S. hemispheric policy. Prior to the coup that ousted Goulart, the State Department had reported significant Communist gains and mounting leftist agitation in Brazil. Thomas C. Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, had endorsed the view that the United States might not oppose the military overthrow of democratic regimes in Latin America. Within twelve hours after Goulart's ouster, President Johnson offered his "warmest wishes" to the military leaders. Secretary of State Dean Rusk indicated his satisfaction with the new regime, and diplomatic recognition followed soon thereafter. By May, the Brazilian military had conformed with U.S. policy and broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. A month later a loan of $50 million confirmed Washington's confidence in the Castelo Branco government. One United States official in Rio, in an interview with this writer, expressed delight in the purge of economist Celso Furtado, who had "obstructed every U.S. effort to assist the drought-stricken Northeast."

American policy seems to be based on the tenuous assumption that the military has unified and stabilized the Brazilian political system. But Castelo Branco and his "soft-line" moderates have taken a precarious middle course. While tolerating opposition within the congress, Castelo Branco must struggle, on the one hand, against the large landowners and the private monopolists and, on the other, against those who prefer state capitalism to foreign private enterprise. Both tendencies are merged into the core of "hard-line" conservatism which advocates a new Institutional Act, the dissolution of congress, a state of siege, a strong executive, and a thorough cleanup of corruption and subversion—in short, a renewal of widespread tyranny and suppression. Hard-line conservatives like Lacerda, whose attacks on Castelo Branco are voiced through the daily *Tribuna da Imprensa*, and militarists like army General Oswaldo Correiro de Farias and Admiral Sílvio Heck seriously threaten to oust Castelo Branco and to institute a dictatorship of their own.

The link between the hard-line conservatives and the present "moderate" rulers is defense minister Arthur da Costa e Silva, whose defection is assured once the hard line issues its ultimatum. In the center, moderate nationalists opposed to the present regime express displeasure through *Correio da Manha;* representing the remnants of the intellectual opposition, they plan to launch a weekly opposition paper. In interviews with this writer, Left nationalists expected Brazilian politics to shift to the far Right. If such a shift occurred, they argued, the splintered Left would coalesce and join with the moderates, assuring electoral victory in the general election of late 1966.

The Brazilian political system is in flux and unstable, and new shifts in power relations may be soon expected. Our policy makers would do well to reflect on the past six months of repressive rule and to examine the political undercurrents that undermine the present regime.

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Schools in Context

The Mississippi Idea . . . . . Howard Zinn

The triple murder last summer in Mississippi probably would not have taken place if there had not been plans to set up a school at the Mount Zion Baptist Church near Philadelphia. It was the visit of three young civil rights workers to the burned-out school site which led them to arrest, and then death. That a school should frighten a band of Americans into committing murder is not totally credible; that those particular killers made a deliberate mental connection between their act and the establishment of a "Freedom School" in the area is unlikely. Yet education spells danger to certain people at certain times, and what happened in Mississippi last summer suggests a continued sensing of peril.

This article will be concerned, however, not so much with the danger the Freedom Schools represented to some in Mississippi but with the promise they opened for the rest of us, throughout America. For eight weeks, more than 2,000 Negro youngsters, averaging 15 years of age but ranging from 6 to 26 and older, went to schools which violated all the rules and regulations of educational orthodoxy. They were taught by teachers who met no official qualifications; they assembled in church basements or on the streets or in the fields; they came and went without attendance records, grades or examinations.

It was an experiment that cannot be assessed in the usual terms of "success" and "failure," and it would be wrong to hail it with an enthusiasm which would then lead it to be judged by traditional criteria. But that venture of last summer in Mississippi deserves close attention by all Americans interested in the relationship between education and social change.

The idea, and the term "freedom school," were first brought before the civil rights movement by a slender Howard University student named Charles Cobb, who several years ago interrupted his studies to plunge into the Mississippi Delta as a field secretary for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Cobb pursued his scheme with quiet, slow persistence, and when plans were laid last fall for a big "Mississippi Summer," with 1,000 or more volunteers to arrive in the state, Freedom Schools were on the agenda. Bob Moses, director of the Mississippi project, has a Masters degree from Harvard. He gave the idea close attention, and when Northern students were recruited during the spring many of them were told to be ready to teach.

The man who took charge of the summer Freedom School project for COFO (the Council of Federated Organizations: a union of SNCC, CORE and other civil rights groups in Mississippi) was Staughton Lynd, a young historian whose field, some might have noted warningly, is the American Revolution. He had spent three years in north Georgia in a rural cooperative community, and then three more years at Spelman College, a Negro women's college in Atlanta. He had just resigned from Spelman in protest against restrictions on the academic freedom of both students and faculty, and was then immediately hired by Yale University. From the orientation session at Oxford, Ohio, in early June to the end of August, Lynd was a dynamo of an administrator, driving into the remotest rural regions of Mississippi to keep the schools going.

At Oxford, the Freedom School teachers were warned about difficulties: "You'll arrive in Ruleville, in the Delta. It will be 100°, and you'll be sweaty and dirty. You won't be able to bathe often or sleep well or eat good food. The first day of school, there may be four teachers and three students. And the local Negro minister will phone to say you can't use his church basement after all, because his life has been threatened. And the curriculum we've drawn up—Negro history and American government — may be something you know only a little about yourself. Well, you'll knock on doors all day in the hot sun to find students. You'll meet on someone's lawn under a tree. You'll tear up the curriculum and teach what you know."

They were also told to be prepared for violence, injury, even death. But they hardly expected it so soon. The first batch of teachers had just left the orientation session for Mississippi when word came that one of the summer volunteers (Andrew Goodman), a white community center director (Mickey Schwerner) and a local Meridian Negro youth (James Chaney) were missing. A publicity stunt, said Mississippi officials. But the SNCC veterans of Mississippi disagreed. "Man, those guys are dead," Jim Forman said.

The summer volunteers got into cars and into buses, and moved into Mississippi. Two hundred Freedom School teachers spread out over the state, from Biloxi in the Gulf Coast up into Ruleville in the Delta, and farther north to Holly Springs, covering twenty-five communities. Day by day, more and more Negro kids came around to the schools, and the expected enrollment of 1,000 rose to 1,500, then to 2,000.

One of the Jackson Freedom Schools opened in early August in a church basement just a short walk from the state COFO office on Lynch Street. Its combination of disorder and inspiration was very much like that of the other schools in the state. The "faculty" was more experienced than most: a young high school teacher of English from Vermont acted as "coordinator"—a combination of principal, janitor, recreation supervisor, and father confessor. Another youthful junior high school teacher of mathematics was from Brooklyn; there was one college professor of history who had taught for a number of years in a Southern Negro college; also, an enthusiastic young woman named Jimmy Miller, whose husband, Warren Miller, had written in *The Cool World* about young Harlem Negro kids. The teachers lived in spare rooms, or spare corners of rooms, in Negro houses of the neighborhood.

Two days before the school was set to open, in close to 100° heat, the teachers canvassed the neighborhood for students. Each asked one of the Negro youngsters hang-

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ing around the COFO office to go along with him, so as to establish from the start that these were friendly visitors walking up on the porches, knocking on the doors, asking: "Do y'all know about the Freedom School starting on Wednesday over at Pratt Memorial Church?" No, they mostly didn't, and so the information passed across the threshold: "It's for teen-age boys and girls, to learn about Negro history, and the Constitution, and the civil rights movement, and mathematics, and maybe French and Spanish, the way they don't get learning in the regular school." Kids on bicycles stopped, and one friend told another, and the word was passed on.

No one paid attention to details like age requirements, so that at the opening of school, sixty kids showed up, from 6 to 19; Jimmy Miller marched the 6-to-10 children off to a corner, to read with them, and teach them freedom songs, and sound out French words whose English equivalents they had not yet discovered, and painstakingly correct their spelling.

With the older ones—14 to 19—any idea of going in an organized way through an outline of Negro history or American government was soon dropped. Beyond a core of seven or eight who came faithfully every morning at 9 and stayed until mid-afternoon, there were a dozen others who came and went as they liked. So the history professor started each day from where the mood struck him, from some point on which he thought the students' recognition might be fastened just long enough to pull them onward.

One day, it was an editorial in that morning's *Clarion-Ledger*, charging that civil rights workers were teaching people to break the law. "What do you think about that editorial? Is it true? If you could write a letter to the editor about it, what would you say? . . . Here's paper and pencil, go ahead. We'll pick out one or two and *really* send them to the editor." This was not education for grades, not writing for teacher's approval, but for an immediate use; it was a learning surrounded with urgency. And the students responded with seriousness, picking apart the issues: Are we for the law? Is there a higher law? When is civil disobedience justified? Then the teacher explored with them the differences between statutory law, constitutional law, "natural" law.

On another day the teacher told his students about the annual fair he had visited the previous afternoon. It was held in Neshoba County where the bodies of the three murdered civil rights workers had just been discovered. A strain of tension and fear had pervaded the fair grounds. The teacher reported what speakers had told the crowds that day at the fair. Gov. Paul Johnson had said: "It is not Mississippi's obligation to enforce federal statutes." A representative of the John Birch Society had said: "I am for the Constitution, for freedom, for the open Bible." The students were asked: Do you disagree? Aren't you for the Constitution? For freedom? The discussion became heated. Distinctions were drawn, and became more and more refined, all by the students themselves, the teacher just listening: "Which Constitution does he mean, U.S. or Mississippi? . . . Maybe we're for different *parts* of the U.S. Constitution. . . . Well, maybe we're for the same part, but we *interpret* it differently."

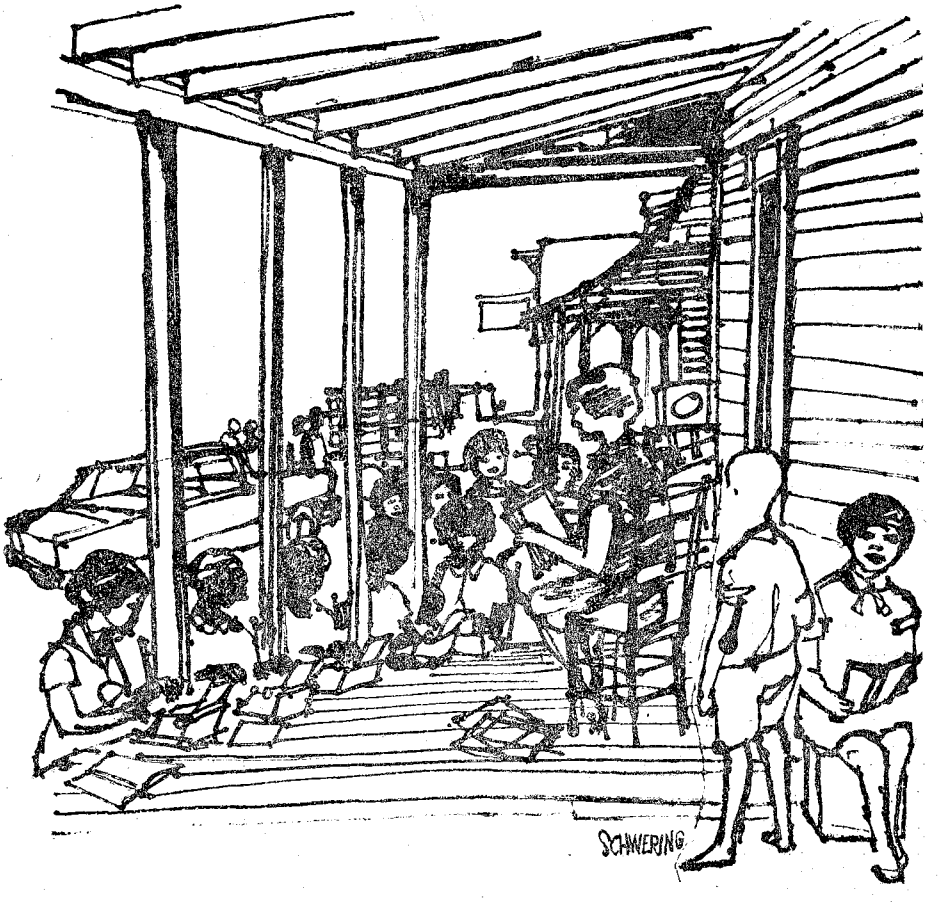
Teachers and students ate lunch together in the church basement, sang together, then separated into various activities. In a creative writing class, a teen-age girl named Lillie Mae Powell wrote a poem "The Negro Soldier":

One day while I was visiting a certain
City this is what I saw. A Negro soldier with a broken arm who was wounded in the war.

The wind was blowing from the North; there was a drizzle of Rain. He was looking from the Last place; his arm was in a sling.

The Negro soldier didn't go Home. He was looking to the east And to the west. His broken arm was in a sling.

The Jackson Freedom Schools faced only mild harassment. Early in the session, while canvassing for more students, two teachers—one a slim, blonde Skidmore undergraduate—were picked up by the police, held for several hours, then discharged. Violence spluttered around the COFO office in Jackson one ugly Saturday night: a young man building book shelves for a Freedom School bookmobile on the street across from the office was clubbed to the ground by a white man who fled in a car; a dance hall



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where teachers and students were spending the evening was sprayed with bullets by a passing car, and a Negro boy was wounded; crosses were burned. But by Mississippi standards, Jackson was peaceful.

In the rural areas of the state, the danger was greater. A church used as a Freedom School in the little town of Gluckstadt was burned to the ground (when the teachers arrived on the scene, fifteen youngsters were waiting under a tree for class to begin). A Northern doctor who spent the summer in Mississippi with the movement told of the two white girls who lived alone in a hilltop house out in the country, 30 miles from Canton, and held a Freedom School there. In McComb, so dangerous that the Justice Department pleaded with the Mississippi project not to send anyone in there, a Freedom School was started by a Washington, D.C., speech teacher, a young Negro named Ralph Featherstone. Two days after the first contingent arrived, a bomb exploded in the midst of sleeping SNCC workers. But 100 children came regularly to attend the McComb Freedom School.

Violence took the headlines, but behind it a phenomenal thing was happening to Mississippi: 2,000 young people were having experiences that would—for some in a small way, for some drastically—change their lives.

The kind of teaching that was done in the Freedom Schools was, despite its departure from orthodoxy—or, more likely, because of it—just about the best kind there is. For the teachers were selected not by any mechanical set of requirements but on the basis of general intelligence, enthusiasm and the kind of social conscience that would drive them to spend a hot summer in Mississippi without pay. They taught, not out of textbooks, but out of life, trying to link the daily headlines with the best and deepest of man's intellectual tradition.

Their object was not to cram a prescribed amount of factual material into young minds, but to give them that first look into new worlds which would, some day if not immediately, lead them to books and people and ideas not found in the everyday lives of Mississippi Negroes. They didn't always succeed, but even their failures were warmed by the affection that sprang up everywhere between teachers and students — both aware that they talked with one another inside a common cradle of concern.

One afternoon in Jackson, a visiting folk singer brought the students of a Freedom School out into the sun-baked street back of the church, formed them into a huge circle, and taught them an Israeli dance chant imploring the heavens for rain to help the harvest. Older Negroes passed by, sat on porches, listened to their children utter strange words and dance this strange dance. The young ones seemed to understand; they were beginning, for the first time in their lives, to reach beyond their street, beyond their state, to join in some universal plea.

A Stanford University professor of English told how hard he had to work to make contact with these young boys and girls, so different from his regular students. But it came. He walked into class, put them at ease with some foolery, got them to talk about the events in the morning newspaper. Then: "Who would like to read a story?" One girl stubbornly had her back to the class. He asked her to read and she turned around. "She then read this story by Eudora Welty, 'The Worn Path,' and read it beautifully; it could have been a staged performance. And this was back of the church, the only place we had for my class, with the noise of traffic all around."

When the girl finished reading, the teacher asked the class: "Did you like the story?" There was a chorus: "Yes!" "Why?" They responded. He told them about subject and plot, about description and dialogue, how in general one analyzes a story. He asked how the story made them *feel*, and one said sad, and another said it made her laugh, and he asked how could a story do both at the same time, and spoke to them of *irony*. "God, how they understood!"

He bridged what they read and how they lived. He read to them from Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. This was written, he said out of a Negro boy's personal experience. "Now I'll tell you a story of my personal experience." And he told of a wartime incident involving himself and Negro soldiers, in Charleston, S.C. And then, to the class: "Who else wants to tell a personal story?" The next day, one girl brought in a story which, he realized, was prose as good as that written by any Stanford freshmen he had encountered. And so, literature was read and created at the same time.

In these classes, discussions of democracy, of the philosophy of nonviolence, were hardly academic. In one Jackson school the class met to elect delegates to a convention of all the Jackson Freedom Schools. An older fellow named Jimmy, age 24, had been hanging around the class for the past few days. He spoke breezily of having recently spent three years in jail for a knifing. The teacher suggested that Jimmy sit up at the desk and chair the meeting. He laughed and complied. "O.K,. now, I'll choose the delegates," he announced. There were objections from all over the room: "We've got to *elect* them!"

"What kind of resolutions are we going to propose to the convention?" a girl asked. One was suggested: "If any kid is treated brutally in school in Jackson, all the kids in the Jackson schools walk out; we'll have a chairman in each school; we won't act just on say-so; we'll get written affidavits and witnesses before we take action. It's something like a student union."

The teacher was curious: "Do students get beaten up in your schools?" A girl answered: her principal had beaten a boy until he bled.

Jimmy then told how he'd been beaten by a teacher when he was younger. And how he and some friends had then found the teacher alone and taken revenge. "We had a nice understanding after that." He hesitated. "But I don't know what I'd do now. You know this nonviolence we're talking about. If it happened now I might beat him. Or I might just laugh and go away. I was young then and full of hate. At that time, I see something I want, I take it. Now, I *ask*. It's the movement I guess. . . . I want my son to come up different."

Role playing was used very often in the Freedom Schools. "Kids that age are natural actors," a teacher explained. "And it puts them in other people's shoes. We don't want to win easy arguments over straw foes. They have got to be tough thinkers, tough arguers." The teacher listed on the blackboard Barry Goldwater's reasons for voting against the civil rights bill: (1) It is unconstitutional. (2) No law will end prejudice ("We cannot

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pass a law that will make you like me or me like you."). (3) It can't be enforced. (4) It violates the idea of States' rights. The class went over the arguments, with one boy portraying Goldwater, and defending his points powerfully, another trying to break them down.

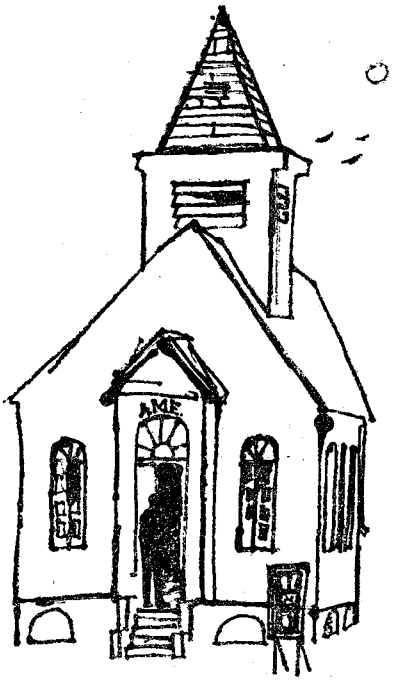
Outside on the street, in front of the building, an energetic, red-headed teacher was pointing to a blackboard propped up in the sun, the kids sitting in rows in the shade of the building. "O.K., we can build any kind of community we want now. What will the rules be?" This was a hortatory kind of teaching, but a kind the schools fostered: constantly talking with students not just about what *is*, but about what *should be*.

A Harvard graduate in literature who had taught in Israel worked in a Vicksburg Freedom School.

It was hard. Youngsters hung around the school, slept there. Every morning, they were like corpses on the floor. To start class, you had to clean them out. The school was cramped, noisy. We used role playing a lot. Kids would portray three generations of Negro families, and we learned history that way. We sat in a circle rather than the usual classroom format, to stress the equality of teacher and student. I read to them from Thomas Wolfe's You Can't Go Home Again *and from Martin Luther King's* I Have a Dream, *then had them write speeches as if they were Senators urging passage of the civil rights bill. I tried to extend the idea of oppression beyond race. If you pick on a small kid with glasses and beat him up, aren't you acting the same as these white segregationists? I asked them.*

One teacher spent a whole hour with his students discussing the word "skeptical." He told them: "This is a Freedom School and we should mean what we say. We should feel free to think as we want, question whomever we like, whether it's our parents, our ministers, our teachers—yes, me, right here. Don't take my word for things. Check up on them. Be *skeptical*." For these youngsters it was a new way of looking at the classroom. They told how in their high school in Jackson the rooms were wired so that at the flick of a switch the principal could listen in on any class in the school. Teachers were afraid to discuss controversial subjects.

The blonde girl from Skidmore College taught French to teen-agers in her Freedom School. "I try to do the whole class in French, use pantomime a lot. . . . I soon realized these kids had never had contact with a white person before; maybe that's the greatest thing about this whole experience. If nothing else is accomplished, it's been a *meeting*, for both student and teacher. . . . We have a Freedom Hour at 11 every morning. They run it themselves, make their own rules." She



was asked if the Freedom Schools were not, in fact, *indoctrinating* the children. She paused. "Yes, I suppose so. But I can't think of anything better to indoctrinate them with. Freedom. Justice. The Golden Rule. Isn't there *some* core of belief a school should stand by?"

A green-eyed, attractive Radcliffe graduate, interpreter now for an international agency, whose field was Latin American history but who had not a day of teaching experience or education courses to her credit, went to work in a Freedom School:

My kids were 9 to 13. I told them about the Spanish background of Negro slaves in the United States, about the Caribbean islands and the slave plantation system as it developed there, and compared that system with the one in the English colonies. I spoke to them about life in Brazil, about the multiracial societies in Latin America where people get along fine. I told them about the problems of kids their age in Venezuela, in Puerto Rico (where I've spent some time). Yes, it did something for them psychologically to know that there are people in the world worse off than they are!

Without a strict curriculum to follow, the schools capitalized on the unexpected. A class held out in the sun would take advantage of passers-by, draw them into discussion. One day, three Negro women came by who'd just been trying to register to vote and had been rebuffed. The teacher beckoned: "Come over here and tell my students what happened." And so the children learned about the registration procedure, about voting, about what to tell their parents about going down to register. One of the middle-aged women, her anger still fresh, told them they must become educated if they wanted to change things.

It was risky, teaching without an ordered curriculum. And because it was risky, the Radcliffe girl said, it led to treasures.

I could experiment, do what I wanted, try things completely new, because I had no one to answer to, no reports to make. Nothing could happen to me or to these young people that would leave us worse off than before. And I could go off on tangents whenever I wanted, something I'd be afraid to do in a regular school setup. Wherever thoughts and discussion led, we followed. There was nothing we didn't dare turn to.

The road from study to action was short. Those who attended the schools began to come to mass rallies, to canvass for registration of voters, to question things around them for the first time. In Shaw County, "out in the rural," when the regular school began its session in August (Negro schools in the Delta open in August so that the children will be available for cotton picking in the fall), white Freedom School teachers were turned away from the regular school cafeteria, where some students had invited them to a lunch. The students then boycotted the school and flocked in large numbers to the local Freedom School.

The Freedom Schools' challenge to the social structure of Mississippi was obvious from the start. Its challenge to American education as a whole is more subtle. There is, to begin with, the provocative suggestion that an entire school system can be created in any community outside the official order,

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and critical of its suppositions. But beyond that, other questions were posed by the Mississippi experiment of last summer.

Can we, somehow, bring teachers and students together, not through the artificial sieve of certification and examination but on the basis of their common attraction to an exciting social goal? Can we solve the old educational problem of teaching children crucial values, while avoiding a blanket imposition of the teacher's ideas? Can this be done by honestly accepting as an educational goal that we want better human beings in the rising generation than we had in the last, and that this requires a forthright declaration that the educational process cherishes equality, justice, compassion and world brotherhood? Is it not possible to create a hunger for those goals through the fiercest argument about whether or not they *are* worth while? And cannot the schools have a running, no-ideas-barred exchange of views about alternative ways to those goals?

Is there, in the floating, prosperous, nervous American social order of the sixties, a national equivalent to the excitement of the civil rights movement, one strong enough in its pull to create a motivation for learning that even the enticements of monetary success cannot match? Would it be possible to declare boldly that the aim of the schools is to find solutions for poverty, for injustice, for race and national hatred, and to turn all educational efforts into a national striving for those solutions?

Perhaps people can begin, here and there (not waiting for the government, but leading it) to set up other pilot ventures, imperfect but suggestive, like the one last summer in Mississippi. Education can, and should, be dangerous.

Consensus Liberalism

Johnson's Eisenhower Premise . . Stephen Rousseas

American political campaigns are usually identified with some particular catch phrase expected to rally the voters around a particular candidate's flagpole. Each, in its time, looked to the future and painted a picture which, though lacking detail, exuded an aura of good will and produced the illusion of forward motion. The Democrats, who have excelled in this sort of thing, have given us the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier and now the Great Society.

Godwinites among us see in all this the inevitablility of progress, using as its vehicle an enlightened consensus liberalism that avoids the extremes of either side and stands foursquare in the Center. This vital Center, however, is seen as drifting slowly toward the Left, and only occasionally being slowed down, but not reversed, by the more liberal elements of the Republican Party—which elements alone seem able, at times, to capture the Presidency. President Eisenhower's Great Crusade marked time without reversing it. And the modern Republican Party of the Scrantons, the Lodges, the Romneys and the Rockefellers are even willing to move forward, though in very measured steps. The disastrous failure of Goldwater is taken as proof of the impossibility of political success except within the context of a consensus liberalism. Apparently there is no phantom vote, and the virtual abandonment of Goldwater by the liberal wing of his own party during the last campaign merely contributed to the mounting national chorus of American liberalism: "Sit down! Sit down! You're rocking the boat!"

But this seemingly leftward drift of consensus liberalism is an illusion. Indeed, if anything, an abrupt shift to the Right has taken place in both parties. The Republican Party, under the leadership of Goldwater, has shifted toward the far Right, and the Democratic Party has, in response, moved to occupy the ground once held by the Republicans. Should the liberal Republicans succeed in removing Goldwater and Dean Burch from leadership, they will find, to their embarrassment, that they have been pre-empted by the Democrats who now look more like the Republicans of an earlier day than they do themselves. As the recent campaign more than amply illustrated, President Johnson is a man graced with one of the most remarkable senses of political strategy in the annals of American history. He has, in effect, cut the ground from under the liberal Republicans.

If we want to measure the magnitude of the Democratic shift, we have only to go back to the party platforms of 1960. The Democrats in that year showed a great deal of concern over the low rate of economic growth and, in good political terms, laid this failure at the door of President Eisenhower. There was nothing wrong with the American free competitive enterprise system. Indeed, they regarded it as "the most creative and productive form of economic order the world has seen." The failure was one of national leadership, and what the country needed most was John F. Kennedy to get it moving again. The Democratic Party committed itself to doubling the growth rate to 5 per cent, and pledged to achieve this goal without inflation. It promised to reverse Republican reliance on monetary policy (which is concerned with changes in the availability of credit) by easing the credit situation and lowering the general level of interest rates in order to promote long-term growth. Its main reliance was to be on fiscal policy (which works through changes in the revenues and expenditures of the federal budget). Budget practices were to be reordered in favor of increased welfare expenditures for education, medical care and aid to small business and to farmers.

Clearly, no promise could be made to cut taxes, but neither was it proposed to finance the additional expenditures through a tax increase in order to keep the budget balanced—and budget balancing was

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a major preoccupation of President Kennedy throughout most of his three years in office. Instead, a four-point program was proposed to achieve the best of all possible worlds: a balanced budget and increased social expenditures without a tax rise. The first two points in Kennedy's program were the old political standbys of ending the gross waste in federal expenditures and increasing the government's revenue by a more vigilant enforcement of tax laws. The last two points, however, were of a different order. There was to be a closing of the loopholes in our tax laws which favored the privileged classes, and the realization of further tax revenues from the economic growth that would be induced by the government's expenditures on social capital. The important thing to keep in mind is that the Democratic platform of 1960 pledged an increase in federal expenditures, a shift from monetary to fiscal policy, an increased growth rate to bring down the chronic level of unemployment, a balanced budget and a body of unaltered tax schedules.

The Republican Party of 1960, on the other hand, avoided any specific blueprint and stated its principles in the broadest of terms. It recognized the need to "raise employment to even higher levels and utilize even more fully our expanding, overall capacity to produce," and it agreed that "we must quicken the pace of our economic growth," but did not specify any particular rate as a goal. Although giving high priority to vigorous economic growth, it maintained that the mainspring for this growth must lie in the private sector of the economy. Above all, and in flat opposition to the Democratic Party of 1960, it rejected "the concept of artificial growth forced by massive new federal spending and loose money policies." The Republicans proposed to stimulate growth in a predominantly private-enterprise economy by a "broadly based tax reform to foster job-making and growth-making investment for modernization and expansion, including realistic incentive depreciation schedules."

The difference between the two parties in 1960 is to be found, therefore, in the Republican reliance on monetary policy plus tax incentives to business, and the Democratic eschewal of tax cuts in favor of an increase on the expenditure side of the federal budget, with monetary policy reduced to a decidedly subordinate role. In the four years of the Kennedy-Johnson administration, however, we have seen not only a sharp reversal of the 1960 Democratic position, but an actual takeover of the Republican platform of 1960. Though it is true that monetary policy has been made more difficult by the gold-outflow problem, fiscal policy has been seriously and unnecessarily compromised. There is little talk nowadays about a major increase in government welfare expenditures. Primary reliance has been put on the Republican call for tax cuts. The tax cut of 1964 favored the upper-income groups generally and reduced personal income taxes from a maximum of 91 per cent to 70 per cent, with the upper reaches of the corporate income tax also reduced from 52 to 48 per cent. And the Kennedy proposals to close those tax loopholes which favor the privileged classes were abandoned without even the semblance of a fight. Business, furthermore, received an investment credit in 1962 which reduced its tax liabilities by more than $1 billion a year and had its depreciation guidelines revised to increase its corporate cash flow by $1.5 billion. The emphasis was on increasing output and growth through fiscal-policy actions designed to influence personal consumption and private investment.

In the event of a recession, President Johnson has made it clear that efforts to stimulate the economy will be restricted, first, to cuts in federal excise taxes, and then, if necessary, to a second-round reduction in personal and corporate income taxes. Public works and new federal outlays are to play a decidedly secondary role and are to be confined "within the bounds of efficient government expenditures." In any event, there is to be a comprehensive control over government expenditures: low-priority and outmoded programs are to be cut back, and every attempt will be made to cut out the fat and "get a full dollar of value for every dollar spent." In short, government expenditures are to be severely limited and the tax system is to be used in such a way as to raise "revenue equitably without blunting the incentive and efficiency of the private economy." Beyond a doubt, the Republican platform of 1960 has been swallowed whole, and it is a bit difficult to understand the business community's reluctance to embrace the Kennedy-Johnson administration.

If no recession materializes to reverse the current fourty-four-month-long expansion, the Administration's current views on fiscal policy will prevail. The Democratic platform of 1960 envisaged the accumulation of large surpluses during an economic upswing and a movement into deficits during recessions—thus balancing the budget over the cycle. It proposed, furthermore, to finance the increased social expenditures out of part of the increased revenues resulting from the general growth that these very same expenditures were to accomplish. The thinking of the Democratic Party in 1964 is somewhat different. As the economy continues to expand there is a tendency, given the tax structure, for the automatic increase in government tax receipts to generate a budgetary surplus. But the longer the upswing, the smaller need each year's surplus be. And the smaller each year's surplus, the longer will be the upswing. Apparently we are riding on a convenient little merry-go-round that unscrews itself upward as it revolves, while the mechanical chords of the calliope emphasize our progress in counterpoint. If, for example, the automatic increase in federal revenues is not matched by appropriate increases in private or government spending, a fiscal drag is created which tends to slow down the rate of economic recovery or expansion, and so affects entrepreneurial expectations as to bring about an untimely and unnecessary downturn in the economy. The merry-go-round, in other words, will lose some of its circular momentum and with its upward thrust gone it will settle down to a lower level of performance.

It is estimated that the current average annual revenue growth approximates $6 billion at present tax rates. But increased government expenditures to counter the expected fiscal drag are not now acceptable —despite the need for more schools, hospitals and other forms of social capital, not to mention the opportunity this affords for a truly massive attack on the "pockets of poverty" which so concern the President. Since there are now political obstacles to getting these programs through Congress, the course of

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least resistance is to recommend policies that Congress finds palatable. And that is precisely what the Johnson Administration proposes to do. Rather than exercise leadership, the President (like his predecessor) has chosen to cloud his vision of the Great Society and to swim with the tide of consensus liberalism.

The President sees the Great Society as one providing abundance and liberty for all. A City of Man in which education is within the reach of all, and where leisure exists to build and to reflect. Mammon and Moloch are to be dethroned and the quality of our goals is to take precedence over the quantity of our goods. Commerce will be tempered with social conscience and man will once again be able to commune with Nature and all that is good in it. In one mighty crack the materialistic structure of our existence will split asunder and a community of people will once more emerge like a chrysalis to transform itself before our very eyes into the City of Light. And all this is to be achieved by a primary reliance on tax cuts!

There is, however, yet another aspect to the program that proposes to supplement tax cuts with an indirect method of increasing national welfare expenditures. Presumably, the federal government's direct responsibility for achieving the Great Society is to be a limited one; the actual approaches to it are to be built at the lower levels of state and local government. Of the $6 billion annual growth in federal revenues, approximately $2 to $3 billion will be returned to the states in unrestricted grants requiring no matching funds. The details of the plan, which is credited to the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Walter W. Heller, have not yet been released. News of the plan was first reported in *The New York Times* on the 5th of July. More recently (The *Times*, October 28), some additional information was made available. The underlying purpose of the plan is twofold: to supplement tax cuts in easing the fiscal drag, and to increase state and local responsibility for hospital, education, sewage, and highway construction, and for the administration and allocation of welfare assistance. A fixed proportion of the increase in federal income taxes would be held in escrow for the states by the federal government and placed in a trust fund for distribution to the states at the end of every year. In this way, the monies allocated will not be regarded as federal expenditures, and will thus not be a part of the federal budget. The amount each state receives will probably be determined on a per capita basis, and the redistribution of wealth from richer to poorer states will therefore be negligible.

At any rate, no strings will be attached, and the fifty state legislatures will be free to use the monies in any way they see fit—the expectation being that local governments know better what their real needs are than do the bureaucrats sitting in Washington. In the words of the White House statement, "The national Government, as a constructive partner in a creative Federal state, should help restore fiscal balance and strengthen state and local governments by making available for their use some part of our great and growing Federal tax revenues over and above existing aids." Again, this is a clear choice over the alternative of increasing government expenditures along lines to be determined by the federal government. The fiscal drag of an anticipated budgetary surplus is to be offset by a second round of tax cuts and by rechanneling a given proportion of any increase in federal revenues to state governments.

The idea behind the Heller-Johnson plan is not new. John Kenneth Galbraith in *The Affluent Society* also was in favor of having state and local governments undertake a major responsibility for shifting resources from the private to the public sector. Only he was not in favor of tax cuts. On the contrary, he proposed an increase in state and local sales taxes. Of course Galbraith was not much concerned with the regressive aspects of his proposal, since in his view we *are* the affluent society and, therefore, the distribution of income is no longer an important matter with us. But in Galbraith's proposal, if the states were to finance increased public expenditures out of increased sales taxes, the total output of the economy would expand by some multiple of this public investment, and the federal government would then realize an increase in its revenues even though its tax-rate structure remained unchanged. And if this potential surplus were to generate a fiscal drag, we could then have the increase in state sales taxes matched by a *decrease* in federal income taxes. Who

Illingworth, London Daily Mail. Ben Roth Agency

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cares about increasing the regressivity of our tax structure? After all, we are the affluent society in operation, aren't we?

President Eisenhower, however, is the man who should be credited with the first attempt to move along these lines. On June 24, 1957, addressing the Governor's Conference in Williamsburg, Va., he proposed that the federal government shift some of its powers to the states on a *quid pro quo* basis; that is, the states would take over these social services financially as well as administratively. In effect, the Governors were told, this would eliminate the federal overhead "freight charges on money being hauled from the states to Washington and back" and "would save the American people a tidy sum." Indeed, President Eisenhower went so far as to promise a net reduction in taxes since, in his opinion, the increase in state taxes would be less than the reduction in federal taxes by the amount of the "freight charges."

The Johnson and Eisenhower approaches have certain obvious differences. The Johnson plan sees no need to increase state taxes to finance state expenditures; the funds would come out of the normal growth of the economy, and as the economy grows the total absolute amount of dollars available would increase, since a fixed *proportion* of increasing federal revenues would be allocated to the states. The one great similarity, however, is the emphasis to be put on state governments for social welfare expenditures; it supports my thesis that the Democrats have now pre-empted many of the economic and social philosophies of the pre-Goldwater Republican Party—though it is difficult to see where Senator Goldwater would object to this scheme.

Writing in the Sunday Magazine Section of *The New York Times* (October 11, 1964), Milton Friedman, economic spokesman for Goldwater, views the size of federal expenditures as a threat to the continued existence of a private-enterprise system. "The more of the nation's resources the federal government absorbs," he argues, "the less is left for other units of government and for citizens in their private capacity." Goldwater's proposal to reduce taxes across the board by 5 per cent for each of 5 years is therefore endorsed. The reason given is a familiar one: "As the economy grows, federal tax receipts grow even more rapidly." The concern now, however, is not with the possibility of a fiscal drag but with the tendency of Congress "to spend the proceeds—and a bit more." The automatic tax reductions will not only strengthen private incentives but also "put steady and effective pressure on Congress to hold down spending."

Friedman-Goldwater share the Heller-Johnson desire to cut taxes (though the techniques differ—one being automatic, the other discretionary), with Heller-Johnson willing to give only a part of the budgetary surplus away in the form of lowered taxes, and Friedman-Goldwater quite willing to give it all away, and then some. The closeness of the Democratic and Republican positions can be seen even more clearly in the Friedman-Goldwater proposals for revamping the federal government's welfare programs. They oppose all attempts to redistribute income through differential grants to states according to need (and, as we have seen, Heller-Johnson favor a per capita allocation to the states which would have a nominal redistribution effect). Indeed, the Friedman-Goldwater approach is remarkably in keeping with the Democratic proposal. They favor "separating the provision of funds from control over their use" and the consolidation of most grants-in-aid programs into "lump-sum cash grants to the states and localities roughly equal to the amounts now going to them: local communities would then be free to use the funds at their own discretion." It appears, therefore, that Democratic thinking on this score has not only occupied the liberal Republican position—it is even competing with the Goldwater wing of the Republican Party.

Several objections can be raised to all these proposals. It is well known that individual states are notoriously perverse in scheduling their expenditures for a contracyclical effect. And even if they were not, the problem of synchronizing their activities in an effective manner becomes almost impossible in the absence of some overall guiding body, namely, the federal government, operating not through the demonstrable ineffectiveness of moral suasion but through the power of the purse strings. To the extent, therefore, that the financing of non-defense expenditures is pushed over to the various states, our ability to control the business cycle will most probably be impaired. Furthermore, it is naively romantic to assume that nation-wide problems can be resolved adequately on a state and local level. The federal government has the power to tax and to reallocate its tax receipts through matched aid-expenditures to local and state governments on the basis of need, taking into account regional differences in economic well-being. As it is, the percentage of the federal budget devoted to nondefense social expenditures is relatively small. To attempt either to reduce it, or to stabilize it at current levels by pushing the responsibility for the development of our social resources onto the states, borders on political irresponsibility. And the degree of irresponsibility becomes magnified many times over when we take into consideration the corruption and dishonesty usually found on these lower levels of government, as well as the racist views of some state and local authorities.

Paul Samuelson, economic adviser to Democratic Presidents, in his widely read answer to Milton Friedman, in *The New York Times'* Magazine Section (October 25, 1964), referred to "the 'court house' gangs around this country and the corruption of the big-city organizations," in contrast to "the technical competence and dedication of the Federal and local civil services." Indeed, he goes so far as to say that in his own state of Massachusetts, "the influence from Washington has been one of the factors most responsible for introducing a modicum of honesty and efficiency into operations like the unemployment compensation administration." It would be interesting to know Mr. Samuelson's reaction to this latest proposal of the Johnson Administration. Though news of it was out as early as July of this year, Mr. Samuelson makes no mention of it in his article. Rather, he favors additional "grants-in-aid to the hard-pressed states, which have limited tax capacities and burgeoning needs for schools and roads." The best that can be said of the Heller-Johnson proposal is that it represents a "spill out" theory of public finance —though undoubtedly some of the funds allocated to the states will be wasted, some part is bound to "spill out" in the form of improved public

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services. But it can safely be predicted that in such states as Mississippi, the "spill out" will be nonexistent for the pressing needs of its Negro residents.

It is difficult to entertain any great hope for economic reform. The thinking of the Democratic Party, now dominated by a superlative political tactician, has taken a turn toward the earlier Republican approaches. And when it is realized that "liberal" Republicanism became "liberal" as a belated response to the Democratic innovations of the 1930s, it is not difficult to see that the Democratic Party is actually turning against itself. Neither major party is doing any fresh thinking; they are intellectually bankrupt and stagnating in the politically safe traditions of American consensus liberalism. What is most disturbing is the Democrats' apparent espousal of some modified form of States' rights in the area of economic policy. And the Administration's views on fiscal policy can be regarded only as a concession to the basic political and economic conservatism of American liberalism.

Man has dreamed of the Great Society since time immemorial. But dreams are dreams and ideals the standard by which we measure our accomplishments. To achieve the possible it is always necessary to reach out for the impossible, but even the possible becomes impossible when the means are inappropriate to the ends. It is simply not possible to move forward by walking in the opposite direction, and that is exactly what the Johnson Administration is attempting to do. It has held out the vision of the Great Society while refusing, at the same time, to reorder its economic thinking along lines consistent with its vision. It is the supreme example of what is wrong with consensus liberalism in the United States—its failure to assume the risks and the responsibilities of leadership.

Wages vs. Benefits

WHO GAINS from the FRINGES? ... Donna Allen

Hard upon the United Auto Workers' negotiations, in which fringe benefits rather than wages made the headlines, have come newspaper reports that the demands now being prepared by the Steelworkers will also give benefits precedence over money in the pocket. [See "GM Strike: Prototype for More Conflict" by B. J. Widick, *The Nation*, November 16.] This time it sounds like the ultimate demand: "Above all," the press quotes the union resolution, "we must strive for a total realization of the principle that a steelworker is a person entitled not to just this protection or that, this benefit or that, but total protection of his income, his dignity and, yes, his career."

After twenty-two years, the fringes are more popular than ever, dominating the collective bargaining news from companies large and small. Business publications confirm the headlines: "Fringe costs are rising faster than wages!"

Is this bad? Do employers really oppose fringe benefits? Would they prefer to grant the same amount of money in wages? Would they be better pleased if social gains were won through legislation? Why do the unions emphasize fringes at the expense of wage increases? Are they worth more or less than wages to the worker? To the employer? Is the public interest served by these bargains?

Fringe benefits, as a part of collective bargaining, date from World War II; indeed, they followed within months upon the "wage freeze" imposed in July of 1942 by the War Labor Board. With tripartite unanimity, industry, labor and public members of the War Labor Board agreed that fringe benefits were less inflationary than cash wage increases. Each time it allowed such a benefit, the WLB carefully pointed out why it was non-inflationary. It said, for instance, that a paid vacation merely gave the worker time off; it did not increase his total cash income. And the vacation's cost to the employer was offset by the increase in production he might expect from a well-rested worker.

Historically, unions were uninterested in benefits employers offered, usually outside the negotiated contract. They had so often heard the plans described by the employers as a way to increase productivity, to raise employee morale, to reward certain employees or certain employee behavior, or, sometimes, to discourage unionism, that they looked on the fringe as of more benefit to management than to labor. Moreover, the unions had seen many of these benefit plans come and go: mutual benefit associations, savings plans, and even a few unemployment compensation plans were introduced before the 1920s; and during the 1920s new ones arose, among them group life insurance and stock purchase plans and many pay-as-you-go pension plans. Some were discontinued after a few years' experimentation; the rest vanished in the depression.

Neither workers nor their unions had had any control over these plans, and they therefore welcomed the contractual nature of the WLB-granted fringe benefits which were assured (at least for the duration of the contract) and whose terms and conditions were negotiable. But their real preference was still, as it had been during the 1930s, to win their social benefits through legislation. Benefits so won became clear and legal rights, and were not conditional on the whim or compensating benefit of an individual employer. The unions intended that the war be no more than a partial and temporary interruption to the winning of further social gains by political means.

Accordingly, when controls were lifted after the war and unions were free once again to strike, they concentrated on wage increases in the 1946 "first round" of negotiations, and presented to Congress a broad political program for new so-

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cial legislation. But it did not take them long to discover that that door was closed to any further progress. At the same time, they found that another door stood slightly ajar. Thus, when the "third round" of postwar negotiations was held in 1949, the fringe-benefit demand was "in full bloom," as the Chamber of Commerce reported in its annual survey.

Divided by attack and hobbled by new laws restricting their political activities, the unions found themselves no match for a Congress that had little disposition to pass either social legislation or the business taxes to finance it. The money was there. The long period of prosperity that had begun with the war was what made the fringe-benefit movement possible; it could as well have financed social legislation.

As it became clear that national health insurance was dead, health and welfare plans began to flourish. Today they cover more than 100 million workers and their dependents. After repeated attempts to make social security benefits more adequate, private pension plans gained popularity and today cover some 23 million workers. When efforts to improve unemployment compensation failed year after year, private plans arose to supplement the public benefits.

Encouragement came from all sides. The Supreme Court ruled that pensions were a negotiable union-management issue; the Internal Revenue Service granted favorable tax treatment for certain fringes; the public, fearing inflation and believing fringe benefits to be less inflationary, applauded the "package" settlements; employers yielded. Thus, as time went on, the workers came to depend upon the fringe-benefit plans and to demand more.

For employers, the choice between wages and fringes is easy—and for the same reasons that had moved them to put forward such plans on their own volition. When an employer says that a bundle of fringe provisions (including their extra administrative expense, but adjusted, though perhaps conservatively, for mortality and turnover rates) will cost him 15c per hour, he is figuring their cost as if paid out in a wage increase. But paid out as fringe benefits, their actual cost is appreciably less than 15c per hour, because almost all fringes offer compensating savings. There is immediately the saving from the more favorable business tax treatment accorded certain fringes—for example, those paid through trust funds: pensions, health and welfare benefits, some vacation plans, supplementary unemployment benefits and the like. In addition, paid vacations, sick leave, and perhaps to some extent all fringes that free workers from worry about illness, accident, old age or unemployment, add to employees' productivity. These and other fringes also help the employer to attract more productive labor and to keep it, thus reducing the cost of turnover.

In another category of fringe benefits, the employer receives a specific and carefully negotiated *quid pro quo*. Call-in or reporting pay and various overtime premiums allow management to schedule work according to production demands and without adhering strictly to normal working hours. In return for granting an in-lieu-of-notice payment, the employer may keep his workers on a given job up to the last day he needs them, and thus avoid expensive short-term replacements. The employer negotiates on the amount of each of these payments with the estimated saving firmly in mind.

However, the greatest advantage to the employer of granting fringe benefits is that by assuming these social costs himself he may keep them out of legislation, where he would have control over neither cost nor benefit. Private fringe items are negotiable at each contract renewal date, and, as in the prewar decades, employers still find certain employee-benefit plans "not worth it" and seek to be rid of them. Thus, American Motors Corporation said recently that it wished to drop its profit-sharing plan, adopted in the 1961 negotiations. Finally, the money that the employer pays for private fringe benefits goes entirely to his own employees; each one knows the source of the funds that will keep him in his old age, that is paying for his and his family's illnesses. This point was covered by George K. Barrett, Manager of the Employee Relations Division of the Ohio Oil Company, at a management conference on fringe benefits held at the University of Michigan a few years ago:

> *I suggest the sixties must be management's decade so far as employee plans are concerned. The needs for improvement and better design of plans are obvious. We know our employees want protection against emergencies. . . . The cost of such emergencies has always been paid, in one way or another. The question for us is "How can the burden best be paid by our society?" I believe the best way is to have the cost appear as close as possible to the individual who benefits.*

In short, employers had good reason for leaving the door to fringe benefits slightly ajar, however loudly they may have complained about high fringe-benefit costs.

For his part, the worker's desire for fringe benefits is genuine, even though he may not have had an altogether free choice between private plans and social legislation, or between fringe benefits and further wage increases. The 103-day Chrysler strike for pensions was dramatic proof of labor's commitment on that issue.

Workers value fringes not just because it is obviously more advantageous to pool their social costs than to take more in wages and buy

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There is another aspect of Lawrence which needs to be discussed and is usually dodged by everyone except the more tendentious Marxist critics. Like Yeats, Stephan George, T. S. Eliot, Valéry, Unamuno, Ezra Pound, von Hoffmansthal, Lawrence was a dedicated spokesman for what Joseph Freeman thirty years ago called the fascist unconscious. Note the "f" is in lower case. Lawrence did not live to see the horrors of Nazism, but the Nibelungen *geist* that haunted Frieda's relatives aroused in him only amused contempt, as did the more trivial popinjay antics of Mussolini's minions. Nevertheless, Lawrence was anti-humane, anti-humanist and anti-humanitarian, like most of the leading poets of the international community of the first half of the 20th century. In Europe the exponents of humanism were proved frauds by the First World War. In America, where by a historical accident they were given the chance to act personally in committees, they were proved malevolent frauds by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But this does not mean that humanism is a fraud. Nor does it excuse an anti-humane way of life. Lawrence once remarked that the beastliness of man to man increased in proportion to growth in membership in the S.P.C.A. and the perfection of painless dentistry. This is probably true, but it does not excuse Ernest Hemingway's attendance at bull fights.

This question is usually dismissed as one of the out-of-date concerns of the thirties. It is not, and some day it is going to be necessary to revaluate book by book and almost sentence by sentence the moral meaning of the leading poets of the first half of the 20th century. Since Lawrence occupies so exposed a position in this context, he would make an excellent subject for the first chapter. The polemics of the thirties, far from settling the matter, confused it further, since both sides of the controversy were in fact militant anti-humanists, whatever they called themselves. In America one sect of them did in fact call themselves Humanists — as of course did Zhdhanov in the last bloody hours of Stalin.

There's not much to say about the book of Lawrence's paintings, although Viking's edition is good to have if one is a Lawrentian. Like most famous people, Lawrence was indulged and self-indulged. Like Henry Miller, he was persuaded that he was a painter. Painting is hard work and the business of professionals. Lawrence was not as skilled an amateur as Winston Churchill or Dwight Eisenhower—much less Estlin Cummings. He painted for relaxation, not least the relaxation of sexual tensions. His paintings are rather silly as are the verses he wrote for such purposes. Some of them, with red naked males with Abyssinian faces, and mountainous women with Brünnhildean bottoms are diagnostic Krankenkunst, slightly crazy fantasies of himself and Frieda. The whole book is one of those embarrassing, historically important documents so vital to the history of literature but so expendable by good taste.

As for the *Collected Poems*, as a final *editio princeps* it leaves nothing to be desired. Juvenilia and variora and *dismembra rejecta*, all are here, edited, collated and printed with loving care. It is hard to see how this edition will ever be superseded.

Kenneth Rexroth's Selected Poems of D. H. Lawrence *(New Directions, 1948) was the first editon of Lawrence's poetry to be published in this country since 1929.*

Comedy's Cold Sustenance

NIGGER. By Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte. E. P. Dutton & Co. 224 pp. $4.95.

Peter de Lissovoy

Negroes have called one another "nigger" ever since the white man slurred the epithet into being, but it doesn't mean what it used to. Jokes and insults that once worked to restrict and reduce a people get turned around in a revolution, and expose the malicious and straitened mentality that created them. These days, "nigger" is seen to be a *white* man; when a black uses the word, he affirms, ironically, his own humanity, and—by the same twist—anticipates a time when that humanity will be generally acknowledged. Not that this is anything really new. The African, chained down and sailed away, was feeling it every time he shook his head in terror or in disbelief. And there were slaves who felt it, who challenged and recognized their fantastic fate, and started rebellions and started the blues. But recently, the irony has become quite public. A cold silver sustenance of the heart has climbed out of hiding and become familiar even to whites. The title of Dick Gregory's new book is shocking, as was intended—a matter of sales. But it is more than this. It is full and large in a way it could never have been a decade or two ago—a promise and a claim and, disappointingly, much larger than the book itself.

Nigger begins impressively with a comic, poignant account of Gregory's youth in the slums of St. Louis. The style is reminiscent, easy and rolling:

> *. . . Once a month the big gray relief truck would pull up in front of our house and Momma would flash that big smile and stretch out her hands. "Who else you know in this neighborhood gets this kind of service?" And we could all feel proud when the neighbors, folks who weren't on relief, folks who had Daddies in their houses, would come by the back porch for some of those hundred pounds of potatoes, for some sugar and flour and salty fish. We'd stand out there on the back porch and hand out the food like we were in charge of helping poor people. . . .*

And we get the "boy" as well as the "black":

> *We went to the movies a lot. . . . Once we had a riot . . . when Tarzan jumped down from a tree and grabbed about a hundred Africans. We didn't mind when Tarzan beat up five or ten, but this was just too many, a whole tribe, and we took that movie house apart, ran up on the stage and kicked the screen and fought the guys who still dug Tarzan.*
>
> *. . . We used to root for the Indians against the cavalry, because we didn't think it was fair in the history books that when the cavalry won it was a great victory, when the Indians won it was a massacre. We always cheered for the American soldiers and booed the Japanese and Germans. . . .*
>
> *We had joys back there in St. Louis, joys that made us want to live just as surely as the pains taught us how to live. . . .*

The temptation to quote is great—as it always is after a Gregory performance. (Robert Lipsyte probably put it all to paper, but the storyteller's style is Gregory's.) What really tips the scales for the first section of the

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book is the reconstruction of how Gregory began developing his fast-draw humor:

. . . I got picked on a lot around the neighborhood; skinniest kid on the block, the poorest, the one without a Daddy. I guess that's when I first began to learn about humor, the power of the joke. . . .

"Hey Gregory, get your ass over here. Want you to tell me and Herman how many kids sleep in your bed."

"Googobs of kids in my bed, man, when I get up to pee in the middle of the night gotta leave a bookmark so I don't lose my place."

Before they could get going, I'd knock it out first, fast. . . . Everything began to change then. Once you get a man to laugh with you, it's hard for him to laugh at you. . . .

. . . Sometimes the big guys would come after me. A guy twice my size would grab me and push me against a wall and be all ready to knock my face in. I'd roll my eyes and look down at his feet.

"Baby, you better kill me quick. If you don't, I'm gonna steal those cool shoes you wearin'."

Now who could beat up a guy who said that?

Gregory made a weapon of humor in order to become a man on the block. The block is nearly always a little-America. Negroes have long used the joke to become and remain men in a society that would reduce them to something less. Gregory's mother taught him that "man has two ways out in life—laughing and crying. There's more hope in laughing." These first chapters say something about how a whole lot of black men have stayed sane and grown, and under Gregory's enriching comic gaze the boy that he was emerges large and real.

After the first hundred or so pages, the book begins to slow and weaken. Gregory leaves Southern Illinois University, where he has studied and run track on an athletic scholarship, and moves into the frenzied world of the small-time entertainer. Now he is not casting back into a period of his life for significant anecdotes and memories, but is trying to explain how he got from here to there to the Big-Time. The comic style that has worked so well grows thin, and he begins to rely heavily on the sudden reverse or punch line to provide the necessary movement. At only one point does the book rise again to the level of the first chapters. Like a gem turned up in common rock, half a dozen pages are devoted suddenly to what Gregory calls "one of the greatest lessons in show business"—the problem of talking race, or America, to predominantly white audiences:

. . . A white man will come to a Negro club, so hung up in this race problem, so nervous and afraid of the neighborhood and the people that anything the comic says to relieve his tension will absoutely knock him out. . . . I've seen a white man in a Negro club jump up and say "Excuse me" to a Negro waitress who just spilled a drink in his lap. . . . But . . . in their *neighborhood, some of them are going to feel sorry for me because I'm a Negro. and some of them are going to hate me because I'm a Negro. Those who feel sorry might laugh a little at first. But they can't respect someone they pity, and eventually they'll stop laughing. Those who hate me aren't going to laugh at all.*

I've got to hit them fast, before they can think, just the way I hit those kids back in St. Louis who picked on me because I was raggedy and had no Daddy. . . . I've got to make jokes about myself before I can make jokes about them and their society—that way they can't hate me. Comedy is friendly relations. . . .

At his best, Gregory exploits an old discipline—the comic tradition that informs the blues. Humor, in the Negro community, is much more than a means to survival. As a way of living and seeing it is as valid for the white man as for the black. Gregory is an instructive, sometimes great, humorist because he finds ways of expressing his and his audience's humanity at a comic level really common to both. He neither makes fun of himself in the post-minstrel Rochester tradition (the Jack Benny days) nor succumbs to the temptation of attacking his audience with a funny hatchet, but laughs at us all and brings the audience up to his level.

Most of this middle portion of the book is straight, narrative autobiography—interesting only if you are curious about how Gregory met his wife, got started as a comic, and began having kids. The relatively even irony of the first pages breaks down, and a little vein of sentimentality, just apparent at first, begins to bleed, copiously. After all his bleak and perilous times, he gets his break. He appears at the Playboy Club—and then on the *Jack Paar Show;* and now he can buy a color television set that is so big that doors must be unhinged to get it into his apartment, and he can buy his wife, who can't drive, a Thunderbird. ("That's getting back at the system.")

. . . I was growing by the minute, meeting fascinating people, like Hefner and Paar and Bob Hope. I was flying first class to California and New York. One day one of the biggest record companies called. . . .

Fascinating people. . . . Now he even gets to put down his non-Daddy, who once deserted his mother, and the girl friend who was once too good for him shows up at a performance and he gets to crack on her. "That was a big year, 1961." He celebrates it at Christmas and gives his wife a long list of things. "It's get-even time, Santa."

It sounds like a bad Marxist caricature of a *nouveau riche.* Just about the time we are thinking, my God, he can't be leading us *here,* we discover that, in the back of his mind, Gregory has been thinking the same thing. He begins to do shows in prisons, and benefits for CORE and the NAACP. And this isn't enough. He goes South and marches with SNCC in Selma, Greenwood, Jackson. The Grand Reversal. *Here* is America the Beautiful—in the faces of "those brave, beautiful kids . . ." who never sleep, and sacrifice so much, and so on. The rest — the denouement — is old-hat movement rhetoric.

This is really too bad. Because there *is* a grandeur in the Southern Negro Movement. The civil rights struggle *is creating heroes in a society whose* herolessness is celebrated in a hundred novels. Gregory himself has made large sacrifices—one of a small but important group of celebrities who have given of their time and stature. But, with the exception of a couple of good anecdotes, Gregory's account of his experiences in the South is sentimental, mechanical, undiscovering—another page in the tourist brochure that the publishing business is writing for the Movement.

And the failure is a bit deeper yet. There is the climax, the big reversal—money isn't everything, and so on. Unfortunately, it doesn't work. Gregory has elaborated too enthusiastically the meanings of his show-biz success. Of course, he has built it all up partly in order to knock it down with his conversion to Freedom. But the tone of his commercial success rings on in our minds and, like an echo, up rises the question: In what will success for the Movement consist?

. . . we're ready to change a system, a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word. Nigger.

When we're through . . . there won't be any niggers any more.

But when nigger — and whitey —

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have disappeared, who will replace them? Who will we be then? Fascinating people like Bob Hope? Gregory suggests nothing to the contrary. But if Gregory's thinking stops short of an important question, so does the thinking of many of us, involved or sympathetic, in the Movement. *Nigger* is a small book. Years from now, when the civil rights struggle has run out more of its course, it may be the book's limitations that seem most eloquent.

The Ice Age

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. By Hans Koningsberger. Simon & Schuster. 190 pp. $3.95.

Keith Waterhouse

If every writer had Hans Koningsberger's compactness of expression there would be no need of microfilm in the public libraries. He can start and finish a chapter within the space it took Henry James to reach the first semicolon. His entire output probably runs to about a quarter of the length of one of those fat epics about fornication in a small American town. In this space he has managed to say more about the human condition than many reputable authors could achieve if they wrote until the end of time.

Consider a fairly familiar theme in the modern novel: a single girl is involved with a married man, and during an unguarded moment he talks of marrying her. This is surely good for a new typewriter ribbon, half a dozen freshly sharpened pencils and a brisk walk around the block before starting into the big scene:

(1) Man tells girl he would like to marry her.
(2) Reaction from girl.
(3) Decision by girl to play it cool.
(4) Reply from girl showing that she is playing it cool.
(5) Reaction from man.
(6) Reaction from girl to reaction from man.
(7) Decision by man to play it cagey.
(8) Cagey reply from man.
(9) Editorial summing up of the situation at half time.

And so on, through all the tense pauses, averted glances and all the rest of it to the coda with the girl as likely as not wandering through a rain-swept street and wondering whether to get herself picked up.

This is how Mr. Koningsberger deals with the situation in his new novel, *I Know What I'm Doing*:

He lowered his paper and stared at me. Then he went back to it and said without looking up, "We'll get married one day."

"We will?" I asked. "Are you proposing?"

"Would you accept?"

"Try me."

He shifted in his chair. "I'm not free," he finally muttered. "I will be one of these days," he said.

"Well, you just missed your chance," I said.

End of scene. In other words, unlike so many novelists, Mr. Koningsberger does not write in the apparent belief that his publisher is about to do a book-club deal with Mars and that everything which human beings think and say and do has therefore got to be *explained* as in that tedious parlor game where one has to describe a chair to someone who has never seen one.

As in Koningsberger's earlier novels (*The Affair, A Walk With Love and Death, An American Romance*) *I Know What I'm Doing* is written in a very modern way, using the film director's technique of cutting into the guts of a scene, describing it at its climax and getting out again without any flimflam. And he keeps the writer's notebook a healthy ten paces away from his typewriter. Part of the present novel is set in Hollywood —as good an excuse as you can find for the travelogue stuff—but his only observation on that over-observed town is that Sunset Boulevard is lined with beer bottles. Mr. Koningsberger gets on with the story.

The interesting thing is *why* he keeps it short. I once wrote of *An American Romance*, that he couldn't have written it with the economy he used had not millions of words about love already been written before it. Looking at his latest novel I realize that this isn't wholly true. It's what we have lived rather than what we have read that enables Mr. Koningsberger to jump in at the deep end.

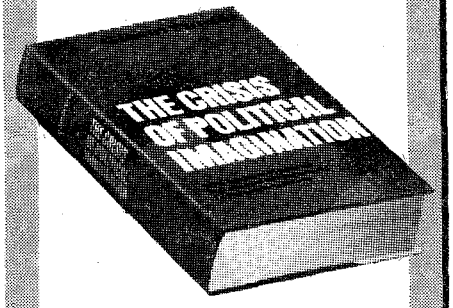
The fact is that as the world has grown more complicated and hope-

Keith Waterhouse is the author of Billy Liar *(Norton) and* Jubb *(Putnam).*

Why traditional politics have failed the individual in his estrangement

THE CRISIS OF POLITICAL IMAGINATION

Glenn Tinder



This book is concerned with the problem of regaining our bearings in a post-Marxian society in which not one of the older major concepts—liberalism, democracy, socialism and conservatism—seems entirely relevant.

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less we have become more involved with one another. We know a lot more about human relationships than did earlier generations because we spend a lot more time having them, because we more desperately want them. We're veterans. For any novel to go back to square one and start describing motivations and intentions and all that this-is-why-it-was stuff would be as ridiculous as a handbook on the hydrogen bomb which begins with a description of the Lewis machine gun. Mr. Koningsberger writes handbooks on human relationships. He pays us all the great compliment of assuming that we know already the great mess we're in with one another. And that is why he starts from that point, where other authors leave off.

I Know What I'm Doing concerns an English girl, just turning 20, who arrives in the United States to work as a secretary. She is a girl very much of this age, sexually adroit but emotionally frigid, with a self-protecting cynicism which prevents her from feeling strongly about anything. Happiness is a happy thing while it lasts. A job is a job, period. Politics is "phoney baloney." If she thinks anything about the world outside, she dismisses it:

> *Who cares? Is it so important to be happy, or loving, or loved? To hell with me. I should be of service somewhere, be a nurse, or a teacher, or work for the* revolución. *She shrugged. If it's unimportant whether I'm happy, she thought, then it's equally unimportant whether a million me's, a million Korean orphans or Bolivian tin miners are happy.*

The thing that has emancipated her is not female suffrage or economics but the pill. She has a series of affairs which cause her neither great pleasure nor great disgust. She has a frightening experience with a sex maniac, becomes afraid that she has contracted venereal disease, and gives up her promiscuous life—not out of revulsion but because she feels that she has grown past that "stage of innocence." She becomes involved with a married man in New York and a single man in Hollywood. She has feelings of a kind for both but her emotions, although real, are like Kleenex: disposable—weep hard and throw away. She vacillates between the two and eventually settles for marriage in Hollywood.

> *. . . Every day that goes by, the world is in a bigger mess anyway and what they tell us about it is mostly phoney, or that's how it seems to me.*

Much of the strength of Mr. Koningsberger's earlier writing has been in his ability to get inside a woman's mind; he is unusual among writers in never tipping the scales in favor of one sex or the other but always giving a fair hearing to both. This is something that's easier to do now than it was a generation ago, for men and women tend now to think in a more similar way and to want the same things. Mr. Koningsberger obviously realizes this and perceives that this is what the trouble between the sexes is very largely about; his realization helps him, in this novel, to present his young heroine with an astonishing depth and veracity. We're able to identify with her completely. When, for example, she spends a promiscuous evening going from one man to another we don't require any phony justifications about her unhappy childhood or her insecurity or whatever; we accept, immediately, that:

> *She felt singularly pleased with herself as she got back into her apartment. She drew a bath and stayed in it for a long time, not in the least because she felt "dirtied" but because she thought she owed the care to her body which had been used so much.*

In other hands *I Know What I'm Doing* could have been just one more cut length of fiction about maladjusted youth in a maladjusted world. But Mr. Koningsberger is not basically writing about youth at all. As always he is describing the pretty awful search for understanding, and in this novel he is talking about someone who at the beginning of the search perceives how hopeless it really is. When his heroine speaks about "phoney baloney" she is not talking sub-Salingerese but is expressing the great lethargy that comes over most of us when we try to emote for any length of time; when we suddenly see clearly how far and how long we've got to go on climbing. It's not a problem of communication, it's a problem of staying the course. And the novel ends:

> *So you might just as well concentrate on yourself. . . .*
>
> *I do think about* [the married man] *and wonder what became of him.*
>
> *But not too much. As the song says, bless 'em all.*

There has been a good deal of talk in the last few years about the emergence of the international novel, which usually turns out to be some heavy Central European allegorical plum pudding. I would say that with this novel Hans Koningsberger, with his lithe, uncluttered prose, his compassion and his deep X-ray understanding, entrenches himself as a truly international writer.

LETTER from QUEBEC

Marc Schleifer

It is better to start with Montreal. Quebec is too vast: three times the size of France, sixteen times the size of Cuba. But Montreal, the world's largest inland port and the unofficial capital, is the center of that complex of contradictions that define the province and its Renaissance.

Here is a maturing North American city sharing all references with New York, San Francisco, Chicago. Montreal has its "uptown" of finance, mass media, smart restaurants and chic bars; universities at the edges of the city; its Bohemian quarter in a run-down district where the artistic *avant-garde* coexists with the resident recent immigrants from Greece and Eastern Europe. And it is also a colonial city, closer to the *Tiers Monde* than to New York, where an Anglo-Canadian minority directly manages the provincial economy and indirectly manipulates the French-administered political structure for the Anglo-American interests who own Quebec. This Anglo-Canadian minority resides on a mountain overlooking the "native" city. They barely speak French, the "native" language, and at best, patronize its culture. Like other minorities of this type throughout the *Tiers Monde* they have had cause to be nervous in recent years.

And then there are Quebec's French (and some English) intellectuals and artists who, during the fifties, tended to group themselves

Marc Schleifer, former editor of Kulchur, *contributes frequently to various literary and political publications.*

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around a publication called *Cité Libre*. A monthly which can be described roughly as a cross between *The Nation* and *Partisan Review*, *Cité Libre* challenged the corrupt "nationalist" provincial regime of Duplessis; supported the Montreal Film Festival; and demanded a redefinition of Church-state relationships. In 1960, Duplessis was defeated by the Provincial Liberal Party and enlightened middle-class opinion throughout North America hailed "the quiet revolution" in Quebec. The original editors of *Cité Libre* became part of the new establishment. In March, 1963, the bombings began.

D'obtenir une bonne daobbe *il faut parler anglais*. "To obtain a good *job* it's necessary to speak English," is a popular expression in *joual*, the corrupted French idiom of the province. Culture and political economy are thoroughly intertwined in the Quebec Renaissance and the misunderstandings that we, the outsiders, bring to this "province" are based on our knowledge of a past shaped by their one-time mutual isolation. Thus French Canadian nationalism *seemed* to be represented by Maurice Duplessis and his *Union Nationale* government or by the major French institution in Canada, the Church, renowned for its puritan bigotry and anti-Semitism. But what meaning has the past when young separatists who openly identify with the Algerians as their revolutionary brothers tell you that Duplessis was the Tshombe of Quebec? Or when Cardinal Léger of Montreal, considered the outstanding liberal at this year's Vatican Council, can state, as he did recently in a public speech, "We have to admire the young people in Quebec who have the courage to be agnostics and Marxists." The Cardinal is more than a symbol of the desire of a portion of the hierarchy for an "opening to the Left." In recent years the most militant strikes in Quebec have been led by the independent and formerly Catholic French Canadian trade-union movement (CNTU) which is (unlike the dominant Canadian Labor Congress and Quebec Federation of Labor) unaffiliated with the AFL-CIO.

Possibly the Quebec Renaissance began on August 30, 1960, with the publication of *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* (The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous). Written by a 32-year-old Marist teacher, later identified as one Brother Pierre-Jerome (and later required to go to Rome to further his theological studies), *Les Insolences* has to date sold over 125,000 copies in a province of 5 million. It is dedicated to a Ukranian-Canadian Communist "friend and fellow patriot."

Brother Anonymous asked: "What can we do? The French Canadian society is foundering. Our merchants show off their English company names, the bill-boards along our roads are all in English. We are a servile race; our loins were broken two hundred years ago and it shows. . . . 'We are proud of being vanquished, we play and work as vanquished men. We laugh, we weep, we love, we write, we sing as the vanquished. All our moral and intellectual life can be explained by this single fact, that we are cowardly vanquished men.'" Brother Anonymous ends with a quote from Leon Bloy.

Among the first targets of the vanquished men turned "terrorists" were Canadian army recruiting centers, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police H.Q., and five mailboxes in the Montreal *colons*' suburb of Westmount. Liberal opinion, the older generation, the editors of *Cité Libre* — everyone in a state of shock asked the same question, Why? In October, 1963, the young generation of Quebec artists and intellectuals replied with the publication of the first number of the monthly, *Parti Pris* (roughly — "Position Taken"). In the lead article, entitled "From Revolt to Revolution," the writer Pierre Maheu declared: *"Decidedly,* nothing ever changes in this land of Quebec."

The position taken can be summarized as Independence, Socialism, and Secularism. *PP* has already begun to shift from its original emphasis on cultural criticism, fiction and poems, to direct political action. In the September, 1964, issue the editors state they will continue to

> *publish certain literary works and essays . . . the revue itself will try to be a work instrument. . . . What is involved is giving the national liberation movement a popular and socialist content, the clarification of the social and political needs of the revolution. . . . The work that we propose is no longer romantic. . . . The task is great and our means minimal. Above all perseverance is needed and no doubt a kind of madness as well. We invite all those who have this decision, this endurance and this madness to join us. For the madness of those who wish to believe in the future of men will prove correct. In all of Africa and Asia and soon in Latin America, men like us are attempting this madness with us.*

Still another new magazine was in the making during this same period. Back in September of 1963, Pierre Valliers, a respected Montreal journalist, had been appointed co-editor of *Cité Libre* to revive the tired tone that came as the price of victory. M. Valliers' editorship was brief: it is possible these days in Canada to be a Socialist and still be part of the liberal community, or to be a separatist and still be respectable in the French bourgeois community—but to combine the two doctrines! In March of this year M. Valliers and many of his associates, young French-Canadian intellectuals, separated themselves from *Cité Libre* (which in its September issue features three articles, two of which are by writers with Anglo-Saxon names). In September they brought out the first issue of *Revolution Quebecoise*, whose viewpoint is similar to that of *PP* but whose writing reflects a style of popular journalism rather than that of artist turned activist. PP and RQ both maintain a circulation of around 4,000. In a state of 5 million people of whom 4 million are French-speaking, it is as if an American Socialist magazine such as *Monthly Review* (circulation 10,000) had a following of 180,000.

In the district surrounding the Ecole les Beaux Arts are found the *avant-garde* cinemas and theatres, Bohemian coffee shops, and the headquarters of the Front Republicain Pour L'Independance (FRI)—a barely legal group opposed to participation in elections and constantly in trouble with the Mounties and local police for eulogizing the armed underground in its publications. According to one of its spokesmen, the FRI supports Quebec socialism — "a socialism adopted to our own needs." The two coffeehouses in the district, La Paloma and El Cortigo, are closer in style to pre-tourist MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village than to St. Germain or Boule Miche. Local historians credit La Paloma as the locale for the formation of the underground FLQ-ALQ (Liberation Front of Quebec and its military wing, the Quebec Liberation Army). Many of the students demonstrating in Quebec City on the day of the Queen's visit were students at the Beaux Arts College.

It is clear that as the Independence movement moves in the direction of

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espousing Socialist goals, it has gained rather than lost adherents. The RIN (Rassemblement pour L'Independance Nationale), which is the largest and most respectable of the separatist groups, has already named the nationalization of all public services and natural-resource monopolies as part of its immediate program. And at the University of Montreal, where the student body reflects the middle-class composition of RIN, the student newspaper *Le Quartier Latin* declared in its first editorial of the new semester (September 15th):

> Le Quartier Latin *has discovered itself to be socialist. It doesn't declare itself socialist. We don't want to be doctrinaire. We are not a journal in the service of the socialist ideology. We don't want to make our essential work advancing socialist thought. We say we are socialist because we are frank . . . it is in the heat of action that we found ourselves socialist.*

But then, part of the Quebec Renaissance is that everybody finds themselves radicalized.

Irving Layton is considered the major poet of English-speaking Canada. (A recent collection of his poems, *A Red Carpet for the Sun*, has been published in the United States by Jargon Press.) He is also a Jew who grew up among the French Canadians of Montreal where he still makes his home. He is a man apart; on one hand his neighbors are the Quebecoise, and then there are *les anglais* with whom he is in intimate contact as a controversial but prestigious figure in the English-speaking communities of Anglo-Saxons and Jews. He expressed his feelings to me in a taped interview:

> *. . . It would be very exciting to have a French Canadian domain, where French culture with all its diversity and complexity would radiate throughout the North American continent.*

I asked Mr. Layton if he were for the independence of Quebec. He said, "Ideally, yes, practically, no." There were two practical considerations. First, he considered that the major area of discontent came from the students, the sons of the rising French Canadian middle class, and that the Anglo-American corporations were already wisely opening their executive doors to this class. And he is convinced that independence would lead to a breakup of Canada. "The political dissolution of this country is something that no responsible statesmen will entertain. . . . Will the French Canadians be willing to embark on a course if it leads to civil war? They should be able to achieve all the rights they are clamoring for without breaking up the Confederation dreamed of in 1827 and installed in 1867!"

Not all the young revolutionaries are artists and students. Recently the police netted fourteen members of an ALQ commando group. Seven were students but the others were young workers, generally unemployed, and several with families. The Quebecoise's share of Canadian unemployment is steadily rising. Although they represent 25 per cent of the Canadian population, their share in national unemployment has risen from 37 per cent in 1961 to 38 per cent in 1963 to 41 per cent so far this year. *"Nous sommes les blanc-Noirs de Canada"*—another popular Quebecoise saying.

"Pierre V." is a merchant seaman, 22 years old, working-class family. He has already been held for questioning by the police on suspicion of FLQ-ALQ association. He had been arrested in Quebec City during the Queen's visit, and we shared the bus ride back to Montreal Sunday night. I noticed that he was reading André Malraux's novel, *L'Espoir*, and I asked what he thought of the book. "It's magnificent," he said. "You see these sections that I have underlined," holding up the book and pointing to passages of revolutionary rhetoric, "I like the sentiment and I use them in my speeches." Pierre is a militant of the Chevaliers de l'Independance (The Knights of Independence), one of the most incredible formations to grow out of the Quebec Renaissance. The Knights, a legal self-defense society for the Independence Movement, are the creation of 31-year-old Reggie Chartrand, a former leading contender for the Empire welterweight title, and a favorite of Canadian boxing fans.

Chartrand is a dynamo; short, stocky, powerful and gifted with an intelligence and sensitivity that extend far beyond his limited formal education. He is a charismatic figure to the Montreal youth. "There are people who hold that the sport of boxing can in the long run weaken the intelligence, the 'reflexes' of a boxer. But I think it's modern capitalist society, with all its aimless amusements and frustrating tensions that ends up sapping a man's intelligence. Here we have a boxing school because French Canadians need to get in shape if only for the great day of Quebec's liberation."

L'Ecole Reggie Chartrand, located in the heart of Montreal's working-class district, serves as headquarters for The Knights. During the day the school functions as a boxing school and gym (membership in The Knights entitles one to use of the facilities). At night the punching bags come down and the workout machines are pushed to the side; rows of portable chairs are set up around the prize ring as if an exhibition bout were about to take place. The seats are quickly filled with 300 to 400 young working-class men and women. Above the ring flutters the flag of Quebec—a white cross in a field of blue with a white fleur-de-lis in each of the four blue rectangles. In back of the ring hang two black flags of mourning—"1867" is painted in white on the upper left-hand corners.

The walls of the hall are decorated with photos of famous fighters—Rocky Graziano, Joe Louis, Reggie and Sugar Ray Robinson shaking hands, Marcel Cerdan. And signs—"Vive Le Quebec Libre." Several of The Knights in the audience are wearing the special sweat shirt designed by Chartrand for his organization—a black jersey with the legend "Quebec Libre" printed in white on the front. Every evening at The School begins and ends with the singing of *The Hymn of Quebec*. The audience rises and salutes: the Roman salute, but with only two fingers extended, to form a "V"—"One finger stands for *liberté*, the other for *égalité*, together the victory," says Reggie.

A microphone is placed in the center of the ring for whoever is to speak. During debates the speakers will lean against the ropes like contenders waiting their turn. The audience listens carefully, with intensity but always ready to respond with humor, especially when Chartrand is speaking.

Chartrand was one of the first to be brutally beaten and arrested on "Bloody Saturday" (the day of the Queen's visit) in Quebec City.

Why did "Bloody Saturday" take place? Nobody seems to know. Over a thousand members of the international press, on hand for the Queen's visit, witnessed the carnage; six Canadian reporters and photographers were among the hundreds of victims. "People think this weekend was shocking," says Chartrand, "but for at least ten years I have seen the police of this province beating and torturing us." Some of the conservative

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papers, seeking an explanation for what they themselves admit was an unprovoked assault, remind their readers of the effect that tension might have on a security force: overreacting to the much publicized rumor of an assassination attempt against the Queen by the ALQ underground. But then, how to explain the following item in *La Cognée* (*The Stroke*), the mimeographed fortnightly organ of the underground (possession of *La Cognée* is said to be considered grounds for arrest in Canada), which appeared last summer:

> *When certain individuals have hallucinations and declare that we will kill the Queen they get the front page. But when we say that there is no question of our doing the slightest thing to her the papers remain mute. Because of the limited distribution (for obvious reasons) of* La Cognée, *a large number of Quebecoise still believe that we want to kill the Queen. Here is a case in which the conduct of the newspapers has been criminal.*

On my last evening in Montreal I stopped in at Le Bistro, a smart bar where the "uptown" artists tend to gather. A member of the Socialist Workers League came over to the table with news. *Parti Pris, Revolution Quebecoise* and *Socialisme 64* had just agreed to invite Malcolm X to Montreal the following month for a speaking engagement. "But Malcolm probably can't speak French," groans someone. "Don't worry, for Malcolm they'll listen to English." A minute later a man who prefers not to be named slides over: "The ALQ held up a couple more banks this month. But they're not admitting it in the newspapers any more."

Two well-known young Anglo-Canadian artists standing across from our table are pointed out to me. I join them at the bar. One is a director who works with the National Film Board (". . . an instrument of colonialism. . . . The documentary is the truth as seen by the regime." *Parti Pris* No. 7.). The other is a painter. We talk about films and painting, but I quickly turn the talk to Independence:

Film-maker: *You're not* that *much excited by it?*

Painter: *Oh yes, it's sort of old-fashioned but it's so anarchist.*

Film-maker: *Well I think it's a bore—those shrill voices at* Parti Pris, *trying to revolutionize a bourgeois people. A lot of these groups are semi-Fascist anyway. . . . No, I don't feel alienated by it; after all the French are really the only community for people like us, artists who are either disoriented Anglo-Saxons or Jews. We're on the fringe, not really accepted, but it's our only place here. All our women are French.*

Painter: *I'm very sympathetic to this, in contrast to homogenized Canadian society.*

Film-maker: *The terrorism has alienated a lot of people who would have been with them . . . I'm not for anarchy for anarchy's sake.*

Painter: *I am. Listen man, there'll always be a few delinquents in every revolution.*

Film-maker: *Really, I'm sort of a mild liberal Socialist. And I'm too serious to be involved in politics. Anyway, I'm leaving soon, for New York.*

THEATRE

WHY 'THE CHANGELING'?

The troubling thing to me about Elia Kazan's production of Thomas Middleton's *The Changeling* is not the manner in which Kazan directed the play; it is the play itself. For *The Changeling* is an inferior work even by Elizabethan standards. True, T. S. Eliot has called it ". . . an eternal tragedy as permanent as *Oedipus* or *Antony and Cleopatra*." Having seen the play, as I would guess Eliot had not when he judged it, I know his judgment to be wrong. There are indeed some fine lines in *The Changeling*, as for instance:

> *Why 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked*
> *Or shelter such a cunning cruelty*
> *To make his death the murderer of my honor!*

rightly cited by T. S. Eliot as great. However, there are not many more lines of such quality; moreover, there are not more than two good dramatic speeches in the play. There is one striking character, and there are two powerful scenes. But *The Changeling* is without unity of theme and is without a real climax. It cannot compare in interest with even the least of Shakespeare's plays, or with any success, by Marlowe, Jonson or Webster. And whatever Middleton's play is about—this is not easy to determine—it has little relation to any modern interest or problem, aside, that is, from the notion—surely banal—that one crime is likely to necessitate another. The length to which Beatrice is willing to go to hide from her husband on her wedding night that she is no longer a virgin is something few moderns will be able to sympathize with or even understand.

Beatrice is being forced by her father to marry a man she does not love. And she is strongly attracted to another suitor. Does she really love this man whom her father has not even considered, having already made up his mind who her husband must be? In any case, her feelings are strongly stirred; she accepts the offer of De Flores, her father's steward, whom she despises, to kill the suitor her father supports. This De Flores does, and by so doing becomes Beatrice's master; in a sense, her true husband. She is now free to marry the man to whom she was attracted, but not before she has submitted to the lust of De Flores and become his sexual slave.

De Flores is a strong character, and, as played by Barry Primus, makes an unforgettable impression of sullen implacability. He has the strength of a man willing to go to any length to attain his desire. Beatrice, on the other hand, has the weakness of a woman willing to go to any length—and without knowing what she really wants. In the two moving scenes between Beatrice and De Flores it is De Flores who dominates; Beatrice is scarcely even present in these scenes. Or rather, she is present only to the degree that she is overcome by the force of De Flores' passion. She has referred constantly to De Flores as ill-favored, unprepossessing and ugly; but when he offers to kill her unwanted suitor, she finds him not without attraction. This is, to be sure, a great moment. There are no others.

Let us distinguish the weakness of Beatrice as a character from the dramatic weakness of the author who put her in his play. A true portrayal of human weakness may be a very strong expression of the dramatist's art. Beatrice, let it not be forgotten, is an invented character. The question is: Was there invention in her weakness or weakness in her invention? I should say the latter. Certainly it is hard to believe that she loves the young man she says she wants to

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marry, and with sufficient passion to solicit the murder of the man who has secured her father's favor. On the other hand, she is not represented in the play as being capable of ordering another's death out of sheer superficiality or indifference as to whether anyone not herself lives or dies. She seems not to be involved in the murder which she asks for and condones. De Flores, on the other hand, is entirely involved in the murder he commits, and from his involvement in it shows his superiority to Beatrice and to everyone else in the play. The truth is that Beatrice has no character at all. And if Barbara Loden gave no force to the role, as most critics noted, I cannot but wonder why they assumed—as I cannot assume — that some other actress might have given plausibility and force to a character lacking in both. Of course, it is easier, given the present state of criticism, to attack Kazan than to attack Middleton.

There is a subplot paralleling, or compromising, the main plot of *The Changeling*, and this subplot is just a bore. What could any director do with it? Elia Kazan decided—I do not know what other decision he could have made—to treat it with comic bawdiness. Alibius keeps a madhouse—it also has accommodations for fools—and thus exposes his wife, Isabella, who wants to sleep with anyone but Alibius, to the sexual assaults of two lords, one of whom pretends to be a fool, the other a madman. So exposed, Isabella yields to the lust of the fake fool, even as Beatrice yields to the lust of the authentic villain, De Flores. But the theme of bawdiness does not go with the theme of murder. Bawdry can induce hilarity in us, but never the sense of sin. In *The Changeling* Middleton has tried to excite our laughter with senseless actions ending in sex. But he has tried at the same time to excite our feelings of pity and terror with a murder also aiming at and ending with sex. There is no common ground for the two actions, the two themes.

But to return to the main plot. Once De Flores—is his name meant to suggest a deflowerer?—has made Beatrice submit to him, the whole play deteriorates. There is, of course, a second murder, just as in *Macbeth;* but while in *Macbeth* the murder of Banquo follows both logically and psychologically from the murder of Duncan, in *The Changeling* the murder of Beatrice's waiting woman, Diaphanta, is psychologically implausible. Macbeth, ordering the murder of Banquo, is much the same Macbeth who killed Duncan in his sleep, though at this point he is more hardened to the act of murder. Beatrice, asking De Flores to kill her lady in waiting, is an entirely different person from the woman who asked him to kill her fiancé. Her motive in soliciting the first murder was presumably to marry and be possessed by a man she loved. That she should go to such lengths would be inconceivable unless her love were real. Once she has paid for the act of murder by submitting to De Flores, her problem becomes to hide the fact that she is no longer a virgin. Thus she persuades her lady in waiting to take her place for the first part of the nuptial night. Beatrice expects to replace her in bed. But this kind of calculation does not seem possible or believable for a woman who has involved herself in murder to get the man she desires. Would she surrender him then on her wedding night, whatever the consequences, to another woman? Of course, there is the suggestion throughout the play that the only man Beatrice is capable of loving is De Flores. This is the profound suggestion in the play, its subterranean theme, and this theme is never explored. Had it been, Beatrice might have been a real character, the play would have had real stature, and Barbara Loden, I suggest, would not have been chosen for one of its two main roles.

LIONEL ABEL

THE OLD GLORY

A new confederation calling itself The American Place Theatre has opened its first membership season in a building owned by the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York at 423 West 46 Street.

According to the playbill, "The American Place Theatre exists to foster good writing for the theatre. It hopes to accomplish this by providing a place, a staff and a broad program of practical work to American writers of stature: our poets, novelists and philosophers who wish to use the dramatic form, and to serious playwrights."

I heartily approve of this purpose because I always wish to encourage every effort to break the bonds of Broadway. (I am also in favor of increasing production on Broadway by making its organization less burdensome—probably an even more difficult task.) I dispel from my mind the fact that very few modern poets, novelists and philosophers writing in English have written viable plays. Playwrights have often proved themselves poets; poets, novelists and philosophers rarely become effective playwrights. Still I am convinced that it is highly desirable that writers not primarily identified with the theatre be pressed into service so that they may help freshen the field. One further thing should be said in this connection: just as Mallarmé warned Degas that poems were not made with "ideas" but with words, so drama is not made with ideas or words but through the development of human action given live within certain specific technical limits.

The American Place Theatre has begun its official existence well by offering the work of Robert Lowell. One listens with respect and, in regard to language at least, with pleasure, to every word this poet sets down. Lowell's *The Old Glory* is a triptych of three one-act plays related to early American history from 1630 to 1800. There is throughout a thread of feeling and thought characteristic of the author's spirit.

Since the presentation of the three plays was found to be too long for

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comfort, the first of the series, "Endicott and the Red Cross," has been dropped. That is a pity because, while it doesn't have the "kick" of the last and longest piece, "Benito Cereno" (from a story by Herman Melville), "Endicott and the Red Cross," as a clue to Lowell's statement, is perhaps the most telling of the three plays.

I cannot say much about "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," the second section of *The Old Glory* (but the first of the evening on 46 St.) because, while its form and import are evident in the production, only one or two of the actors who play it are wholly intelligible. I could make out no more than half of the spoken text.

When the performance of "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" was over, I murmured to a friend who sat in front of me, "This is a subversive play; I'm going to report it to the authorities!" I suspect that my feeble quip represented a certain intuition. There is a subtle and gnawing skepticism in Lowell's soul—and all skepticism is subversive!

After a somewhat extended prelude of talk — *good* talk, though the suspense it is meant to engender verges on the self-defeating because we are not made sufficiently aware of what portends—"Benito Cereno" ends with the slaughter of Negroes on a Spanish slave ship. The Negroes had mutinied against their captors, killed the ship owner and taken over the rule of the vessel. They plan to force the captain of an American merchant ship to sail them back to Africa. When the massacre (at the hands of the American captain's sailors) is over, the leader of the Negro mutiny defiantly proclaims, "the future is black." Delano, the American captain replies, "This is your future," and empties all six barrels of his pistol into the Negro's body.

An exciting conclusion. But what is "the future" Lowell suggests? That murderous suppression of Negroes will continue for 160 years and more? History has corroborated this. And it goes without saying that Lowell is a man of good will who abhors violence. Yet the play is ambiguous. It is ironic and disturbed. It is not tragic as much as pained and bewildered. It leaves us shocked and strangely dissatisfied. Lowell, it would appear, is no kin to the American captain; nor, though he understands him, is he really sympathetic to the Negro rebel. Lowell is more like the overpowered Spanish grandee, Benito Cereno, sensitive, lofty, impotent.

"My Kinsman, Major Molineux" (in which only Thomas J. Stubblefield is wholly distinct of speech) is called a "political cartoon." A cartoon is a simplification or an exaggeration of a supposed verity. In this short piece (it takes place on the eve of the Boston Tea Party) the activists on both sides, those opposed to the king as well as those loyal to him, are shown to be pimps, prostitutes, fairies, hypocrites, turncoats—all more or less covered with slime or gore, sometimes both. Are we to understand that, like all revolutions, ours came about through such agencies? Perhaps so. Certainly we are not made to believe that Lowell "regrets" the upheaval which made us independent. What then? The question hangs in the air. Lowell is not telling: he smiles and is troubled.

The piece omitted in the production of *The Old Glory* is, I repeat, the most significant and the most admirably written. It too represents the conflict in early colonial times between the Puritans who will forge the new world unfettered by England and the more cultivated Anglicans who are to be driven from power. Endicott, the Puritan leader, plagued with doubt, speaks such pithy lines as: "I now understand statescraft: a statesman can either work with merciless efficiency and leave a desert, or he can work in a hit-and-miss fashion and leave a cesspool." Endicott, in whose every utterance we detect an element of indecision, finally takes a stand against the English because they would impose a royal governor. He exercises the necessary severities on the milder and more compliant colonists. Before doing so, he promises to make a speech denouncing the Stuarts, the Pope, with additional talk about liberty of worship and the like.

When he is assured that these points will make a noble speech, he says: "No, it turns my stomach/It will be a hollow, dishonest speech, half truth, half bombast . . . but my speech will be practical." When he has concluded the speech and is complimented on it by a fanatic community Elder who declares that it is "the finest speech I've ever heard outside the pulpit," Endicott says: "I don't suppose so, I wasn't really listening." He hadn't spoken from conviction but from a need to prevent his own breakdown. He anticipates the much more pragmatic American captain of "Benito Cereno" who admits: "Nothing relaxes order more than misery. They [the slaves] need severe superior officers."

Liberal, Lowell is an aristocrat to his very marrow. He is incapable of, as well as horrified by, the "merciless efficiency" needed for strong rule, and he is disquieted by the "cesspool" which results from leniency. Dismayed by the equally appalling courses of action, Lowell as a poet turns inward and reveals the terms of his distress obliquely.

Such men cannot govern. A hesitancy in decision and discipline makes them similarly ill at ease when they try to exercise the definition and command of the stage. Still one hopes Lowell will be impelled to continue his theatre writing, for his is an authentic voice. I should be glad to have him attempt to dramatize his disquiet more amply. He is not alone in his searing and sacred dilemma.

It would be wrong to say that Jonathan Miller has directed the two plays with "merciless efficiency"; but it is none the less true that his meticulous direction, though it lends his production a very polished, even handsome, surface (no point is slighted, no intention is permitted to escape our notice) tends to sacrifice certain values. The sharp stylization of the "political cartoon" appears to obstruct the actors' diction. More practiced actors compose the cast of "Benito Cereno"—everyone speaks well—but the stringency of direction tends to rob the actors of a certain "humanity," thus reducing the possibility of a warmth which might add a larger dimension to the play. Nevertheless, Miller has managed to catch some of the hard, dry, tight cleanness of Lowell's writing. The overall mechanics of staging (including the treatment of sets, make-up and costumes) are thoroughly skilled.

Roscoe Lee Browne, Lester Rawlins and Frank Langella make us look and listen. They are faithful to their masters, Lowell and Miller.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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ARCHITECTURE

NEW URBAN FORMS

Even *The New York Times* could offer only a necklace of bright quotations by way of covering the City Planning Commission's recent three-day symposium, "The Future of Design." The fact that the symposium was held at all is evidence that enough important people (including The Lavenburg Foundation, which financed it) feel that something simply must be done about the morose mess that we are making of our city, but the focus was elusive. The subject, suffering a little from what plagues the city itself, sprawled from organizational concepts in government to park design. The best exposition of the total problem was by Allan Temko, once of New York but now (to his very evident relief) of San Francisco, who said, "Since Galileo first demonstrated that forms may not be proportionally enlarged without limit, that a tree for example cannot go beyond a maximum computable height, men have known that increased dimensions ultimately must result in new forms. Indeed, such forms have appeared in our vast urban regions. . . ."

Not in New York. For we have specialized in old patterns, deepened or heightened. At the symposium, August Heckscher said something so shrewd that it was stirring: "La Guardia alone managed to convey to the people a sense that the greatness and prosperity of New York depended upon intellectual and spiritual qualities. . . ."

With this said there remained a certain pathos all through the talks in the implication that the solution to New York's self-torture may have to be a man, not just a plan. Daniel Bell cited the "administrative failure of the City Planning Commission to exercise leadership in the city. . . ." Yet who can blame planners for failing administratively, if they lack the power to succeed? The power resides higher, in elective office.

What did Temko mean by new forms? The suburbs, of course, are the most evident ones—insistently ambitious middle-class dream worlds—but they are defiantly anti-urban, or at least intend to be. Temko did point, scolding, to one chance for a new urban form which has just passed silently by in Manhattan: in the past five years Sixth Avenue from 50th Street up to Central Park, has been rebuilt into a copse of skyscrapers—totally unrelated except by the old avenue itself. Here, at the very least, was an opportunity to sink the street level and create a pedestrian plaza; or, better, to conjoin all the new structures, starting where the composition of Rockefeller Center left off and adding a new chunk of environment to Manhattan, perhaps a pedestrian version of the old Park Avenue, not just a billion dollars or so in new rental space upstairs. (I have heard that architect Max Abramovitz did attempt to get something moving in this direction by calling a meeting of architects and clients for the upper Sixth Avenue buildings when they were still in planning, but without success. It was an opportunity for government, too big to remain private.)

The down side of living in New York certainly was brilliantly voiced at the meetings. Listen to Adolph A. Berle:

> *The blunt fact is that in New York, one of the most prosperous places in the world, our resident gets less for his money than perhaps anywhere else in the world. Not that he pays more for the goods and services that he buys—prices are the same. The difficulty is that some element of these services—quiet, repose, the familiar meeting of friends, serenity of life in a group tnat he knows and that knows him, even elementary needs like clean air—are not available at all, or at any price. Anyone who has recently visited Great Britain, or the Netherlands, let alone Scandinavia, can bear witness to the fact that an urban resident there may be poorer than here, but he has many things we, with all our wealth, cannot get. We are rapidly creating a city in which everyone suffers the privations of poverty no matter how well off he is or how good an income he may have.*

Berle was one who did not seem to imply a great new leader, in absence of other solutions. Instead, he briskly called for decentralization of planning or, at least, widening of the function. He reminded his listeners that a city is merely a collection of neighborhoods which should become involved in their own fates. He was persuasive. Any good neighborhood should be cherished, but I wonder if those new forms are not going to be necessary in the many sinking neighborhoods. Old and new can be combined—that is one of the historic functions of cities. To face a fact, even a redevelopment of the lower West Side of Manhattan need not wipe out Jane Jacobs' West Village, while adding interestingly made residential space around it. I suppose, though, we had better not use that word, redevelopment; it has become a dark one, especially in New York City. Substitute for it the construction of a deliberately varied group of scattered Mitchell-Lame middle-income apartments, schools and shopping by good architects, with some federally assisted low-rise walk-up housing, and, for the affluentials, some row houses and opportunities to redo high-ceilinged warehouses. And there should be parks, of the kind favored by William H. Whyte at the meetings—small, usable ones, salads with the roasts. All ordered by a man who knows what architectural quality is, and insists upon it.

We know such things can be brought about, even under existing financial methods. I have a feeling that there may soon be a wide, perhaps a volcanic, political pressure to get them done if the right politician should happen along. There are signs. One is the obdurate success of the West Village itself in keeping out conventional redevelopment. Near New York, the first Democrat to be elected to Congress from Westchester County in a long time, Richard Ottinger, characterized himself appealingly as an intelligent, concerned man, by commissioning a plan that would help save the shores of the Hudson River from further degradation—save something the voters see every day, live with, even vote for. In downtown Manhattan itself Washington Square has recently been replanned by a volunteer group of local architects in a way that preserves the Victorian quality of the place, while adding trees and closing streets (and saving the city some $300,000 over the plan rejected by the neighborhood). President Johnson touched the nerve of the nation last spring with his Ann Arbor "Great Society" speech in a way which perhaps startled him—and certainly should have startled any other politician who thinks that environment is a word pre-empted by interior decorators.

WALTER MCQUADE

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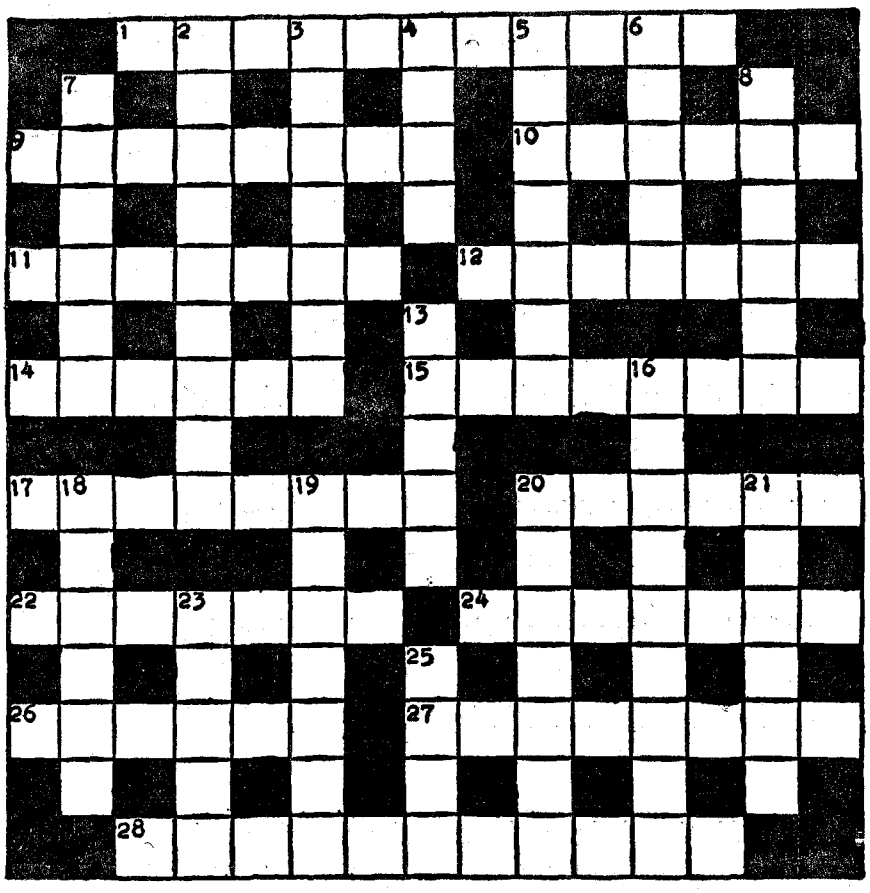
Crossword Puzzle No. 1081

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A 12 should make one sound, in judgment. (5-6)
9 Where many used to worship many disconnect the phone, with a busy one inside. (8)
10 What tubes did for Kipling. (6)
11 See 20 across
12 You may have seen one with take-offs on navy types. (4-3)
14 and 4 down A yawn here implies it's late. (10)
15 "Dance of the Apprentices"? (A court function, no doubt!) (8)
17 If washers drip, these should be placed under them. (4, 4)
20, 24 and 11 What is sometimes found on rye, with slaw on the side? (6, 4, 3, 7)
22 Consider the difference, if any — what you expect guests to do is about equal. (7)
24 See 20 across
26 There isn't a single speaker that can give it. (6)
27 Get the devil out! (8)
28 Eyes right? Not with this! (11)

DOWN:

2 This sable is found in unusual circumstance. (9)
3 Rose out of water. (7)
4 See 14 across
5 and 23 down March past under the Arc de Triumph, evidently. (5, 2, 5)
6 Ever tell how to turn out without measure? (5)
7 Where some put the caraway, if there is space. (6)
8 Property found in the spring, perhaps. (6)
13 Cold settling here? Not if it's the ice type. (5)
16 Comprising the naked truth? (4, 5)
18 Animal found in Chicago, Utica, and Washington zoos? (6)
19 Type of evidence supplied by the religious leader's admission. (1, 6)
20 Proving a cigar is expensive overseas, and still going up! (7)
21 Hemingway at least sounds sincere! (6)
23 See 5 down
25 Cut out the middle of the paper? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1080

ACROSS: 1 Silver standard; 9 Novella; 10 Sumatra; 11 Conspire; 12 Grouse; 14 Stomach; 15 Schwa; 17 Erred; 19 Equaled; 21 Tacked; 23 Defected; 25 Nuptial; 26 Organic; 27 Ostentatiously. DOWN: 1 Song cycle; 2 and 21 down Livingstone; 3 Ellipsoid; 4 Staircases; 5 Also; 6 and 8 Demurrage; 7 Retouch; 13 Shouted out; 15 Solfeggio; 16 Archduchy; 18 Recipes; 20 Detents; 22 Elite; 24 Plot.

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